

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SAD END OF A MILLION GUINEAS FUND

See
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WHERE DOES AN ELEPHANT DIE?

GREAT PUZZLE OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Discovery That Throws Light on an Enthralling Problem

TRAGEDY OF A LAKE

It seems possible that an answer has at last been found to the age-old question, Where do elephants go when they are about to die?

Sir William Gowers, Governor of Uganda, which has at least 20,000 elephants but never sees a dead one, writes to *The Times* an explanation which may reveal the secret.

Africa has hundreds of thousands of elephants, he says. They live about a hundred years, unless killed by man or brought to death by accident. But supposing that, at the lowest estimate, there are only 200,000 elephants in Africa, then 2000 must die each year. Yet the body of an elephant which has died naturally is hardly ever seen.

A Find Near Lake Albert

But Sir William Gowers has at last discovered an elephant dead of old age. It lay, splendid in death, on the left bank of the Victoria Nile, within a game reserve and about six miles from Lake Albert. Evidently it had crossed the river as it had been wont to cross for scores of years; but, having cleared the river, had died, overtaken by age and feebleness, when endeavouring to climb the six-foot muddy bank beyond it.

Elephants wounded or ailing always make for water and immerse themselves to the tip of the trunk. The veterans upon whom death is advancing do not realise that they are no longer capable of dragging themselves out of the deep muddy bottom of the river, but sink and die, not as this one did, but actually in the water.

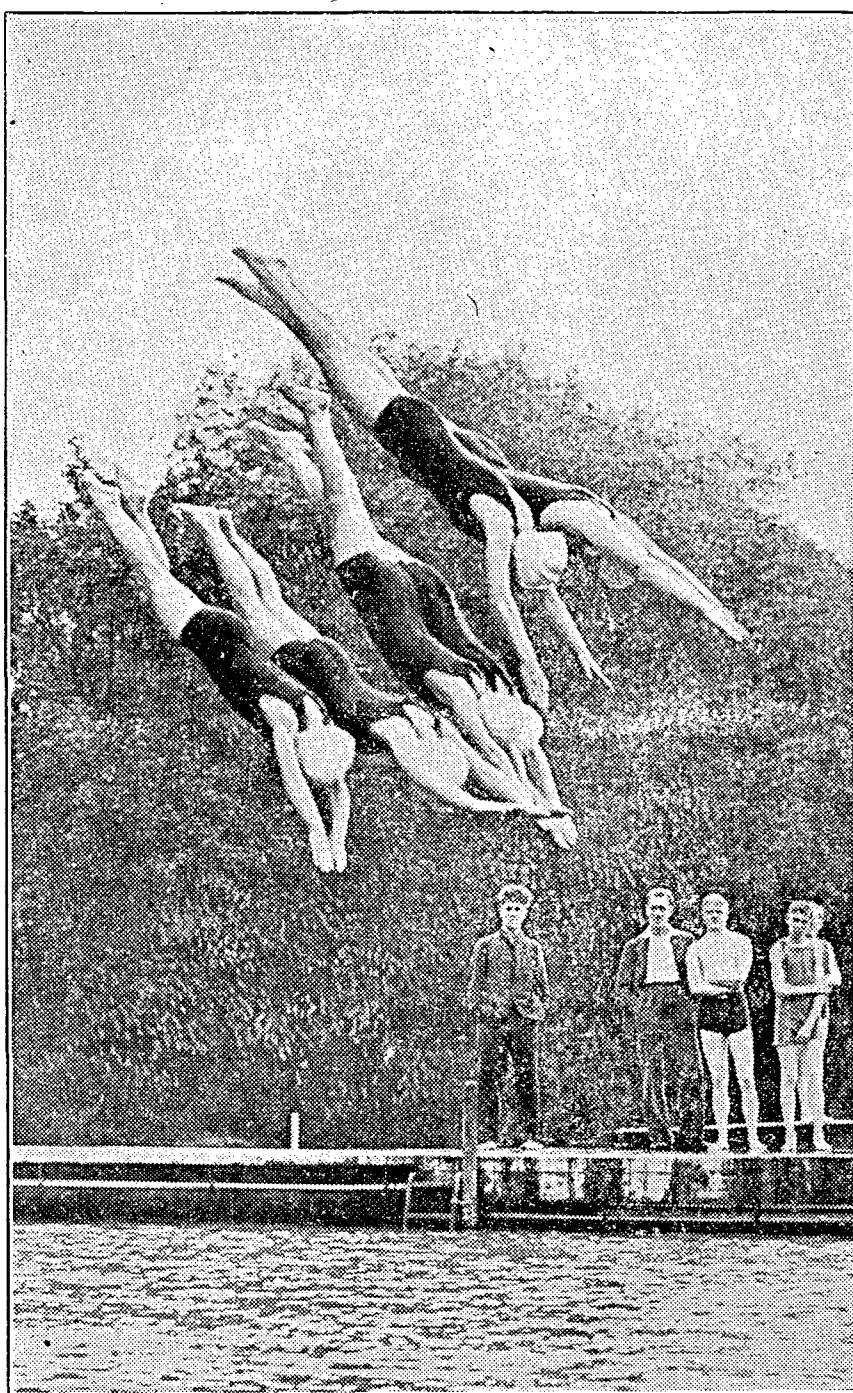
The deep mud receives them, the towering papyrus and other water growths quickly cover them; they are lost to sight completely, and so never a dead elephant is seen. How does the theory accord with the often-told story of great finds of ivory and elephant bones in particular spots, suggesting that these places have been elephant cemeteries, the places to which elephants have gone dry-foot to die?

Entombed in Permanent Mud

As Sir William Gowers points out, it is probable that such places are the beds of old water-courses which have dried up, ancient rivers, streams, and springs in which elephants were bogged and sank to death. Such a suggestion accords with the modern finds of ancient mammoths, revealed today deep in the muddy banks of Siberian rivers in which they were engulfed a hundred thousand years ago.

Darwin tells of thousands of cattle and horses perishing in the rivers and marshes

How It Should Be Done



Not many grown-ups could dive in better style than these members of a children's swimming club seen diving together from a height into one of the Highgate Ponds, a favourite resort of London swimmers.

of Argentina, leaving such immense stores of bones as to bewilder any geologist who may come after and be unacquainted with the facts. But those bones can be seen, for drought leaves them bare, whereas the bones of the drowned elephants are entombed in permanent mud and overgrown by river-flooded forests of vegetation.

It is the belief of Sir William that thousands of tons of ivory lie buried in this way in the Nile, and he expects that when the construction of a barrage across the river near Lake Albert is begun light will be thrown upon the old problem. It is fascinating to think of the Nile hiding, in the secrecy of its muddy bed for several hundreds of miles, immense deposits of ivory.

There the crocodiles keep watch within the water, while vultures watch from the air and hyenas howl in dismal-sounding ecstasy on the banks, waiting for Nature to decompose the body of the dead giant so that they may fall on it and feed—the birds and animals upon such parts as remain temporarily exposed above the surface of the water, the reptiles on the carcass whether it be submerged or not.

There was a mingled company of this sort gathered patiently around the remains Sir William Gowers found. The elephant had been dead three or four days and its hide was still too tough for the beak of vulture and the teeth of hyena and crocodile. The living scavengers waited near by.

Picture on page 3

MIRACLE OF A DUCK SHOT, EATEN, AND ALIVE

Marvellous Adventure of a Jonah on a Scottish Island

BACK TO MOTHER

By Our Natural Historian

If ever a duck deserved a future and to be the joyful parent of a race of heroic ducks it is one which is, we hope, preening its glossy feathers up in the Scottish island of South Uist, a little wonder duck, the Jonah of its species.

For this duck has been shot and eaten, yet is alive to tell the tale if quacks are a language and ducks are to be credited with any flow of ideas.

It is the property of a small farmer, called a crofter, at Bornish, in the island named. When it was but a duckling of two days, fluffy, cheeping, regarding the whole world as an innocent paradise and itself as a principal owner of it, suddenly what seemed Destiny arrived in the shape of a great black-backed gull.

Swoop, Grab, and Gobble

These gulls are fierce and voracious, and will snap up a young bird as unblushingly as the savage skuas of Antarctica snap up the baby penguins on the ice. There was a swoop, a grab, and a gobble, and where there had been a gull and a duckling there remained only a gull visible.

The gull gave a gulp, then rose on its broad wings to seek fresh quarters. But its meal resisted, writhed in its captor's swallow, and caused the great bird, instead of flying clear away, to come to rest on a peat stack to do some more gulping and readjust its titbit.

Then Destiny transferred its aim to the gull. A man with a gun was watching, and as the gull was within easy range he gave it a charge of shot. The gull died at once and the avenger forthwith cut it open with his knife.

Saved From a Living Prison

There in its stomach was the baby duck, alive, a little stupefied, but unhurt. No, not quite unhurt. Not only had it been swallowed: it had received one of the pellets from the gun through the middle toe of one of its feet. The same knife which had redeemed it from its living prison quickly removed the shot from its foot.

Then the little hero was tenderly carried back to its foster mother and at once nestled under her wings. What she could have thought of the matter defies imagination, for she had seen a water-haunting little marvel which she supposed to be her own chick suddenly snapped up by a giant from the air. She can neither swim nor fly, for she is an ordinary barndoor hen.

Only Aesop could do justice to the exchange of confidences which we must suppose to have taken place between the foster mother and her restored darling as they rested together that night in the shelter of the coop. E. A. B.

QUIETER AND SAFER ROADS

NEW PROPOSALS

Abolish the Speed Limit and Stop the Dangerous Driver

LICENCES ONLY FOR THE FIT

The new regulations in force this month are making the roads quieter and keeping down the shrieking road hogs; it remains to make the roads safe as well as quiet.

At last the nation has a sensible plan before it dealing with safety, and it only remains for Parliament to turn it into law.

At present, says the Royal Commission on Transport, there is truth in the saying that the safest place in the world is an English railway train and the most dangerous place is a London street. The number of accidents increases steadily with the number of motor-cars. The law has not been materially altered for a quarter of a century, and is virtually a dead letter.

Fines for Offenders

The Commission proposes that the old speed limit, which everybody disregards, shall be abolished except for very heavy or very large vehicles, which should be carefully graded from five miles to 35 miles an hour (for coaches with pneumatic tyres).

On the other hand, the law against driving dangerously should be greatly strengthened. Fines for offenders should be anything up to a hundred pounds, with prison as an alternative, and a second offence should mean automatic suspension of the driver's licence. Anyone not having proper control of his car through drink should be punished, whether he has taken much or little intoxicating liquor.

And, besides driving to the public danger, a lesser offence is proposed which might be called "failing to observe a road sign." These road signs would include white lines on the roads, school warnings, and warnings of cross-roads and other danger zones; and the penalties, say the Commissioners, should be enforced with the greatest strictness.

A Rule for Foot Passengers

Driving licences should be only issued to people physically fit to drive; headlights should be made to dim or dip, and no car should be licensed unless its owner is insured against injury to persons and property other than his own. *Foot passengers should keep to the left.*

These are the Commission's proposals, and they will be widely approved. Parliament is very busy, but it is gratifying to everybody to see the new Government getting things done, and time must be found to turn these proposals into law.

CRUELTY ON THE TRAIN

Railways Please Be Careful

An example of cruelty to poultry sent by train and recently reported by an onlooker at a London railway station is not nearly so uncommon as it ought to be.

The poultry were packed like sardines in a crate, and in the heat their condition was more than pitiable, for some were almost dead.

There are laws against cruelty of this kind to poultry, and regulations for their transport by rail, but both are too often neglected by the senders and ignored by the railway officials.

English travellers in Spain or Italy are sometimes aghast at the way these poor creatures are treated when sent to market. But they will find examples of the same callousness at home.

TWO CRISES READY FOR THE LEAGUE

**The Everlasting Balkans
GREEK, TURK, AND BULGARIAN
TROUBLES**

The League of Nations may find itself called upon to deal with two old quarrels in the Balkans, and the sooner the better.

Turkey and Greece are still discussing the affairs of the wretched refugees who have fled or been expelled from one country to the other. There are Greeks from Constantinople who lay claim to £400,000 worth of property left behind them and who under the treaty should be allowed to go back.

The Turks say that before they left they signed declarations promising not to return, but the Greeks say these signatures were obtained by unfair means. The dispute may go to The Hague.

On Bad Terms

Bulgaria and Yugo-Slavia are still on bad terms. Macedonians in the Bulgarian capital gave a boisterous welcome to two opponents of the Yugo-Slav dictatorship from Croatia, and the Bulgarian Government have had to ask them to leave the country. They cannot return to Croatia, because a special court has condemned them to death in their absence.

Again, M. Radoslavoff, the Prime Minister who brought Bulgaria into the war on the side of Germany, has been pardoned by the Bulgarian Government after ten years of penniless exile. This, too, has offended Yugo-Slavia, who wants to have him tried by an Allied Tribunal as we wanted to try the Kaiser. And all the time the troubles on the frontier, where Macedonian is divided from Macedonian, continue.

It is high time for Geneva to step in. Let us be thankful for the League.

THE CIRCUS TO THE RESCUE

An Unusual Thing Happens

From Bombay comes an unusual piece of news. Six lives have been saved because a circus happened to be at Ahmedabad.

Often and often trapeze performers (when we were looking on rather against our will) have made us gasp at their daring, and then we have thought, "What a waste of skill and courage! These men are risking their lives to amuse a crowd and earn a poor living."

Well, the Indian circus men at Ahmedabad found their skill could do more than amuse a crowd.

There was a serious flooding of the River Sabarmati, which rose 18 feet in a few hours. Men and women who were washing clothes on the banks were swept away, and about 30 were drowned.

When the circus heard of it all they suspended ropes from a bridge, and, hanging after the manner of trapezists, they clutched at people carried down by the flood and were able to rescue six.

PUPPIES IN TRAINING

A Hot-Weather Story

Here is an incident witnessed in the Midlands by one of our readers.

The other day, she says, as I was walking down a lane I came to a gate leading into a field, and looking through the gate I saw a dog followed by four puppies crossing the field to a pond.

When they reached the edge of the pond the mother dog pushed each puppy into the pool. Then she went in herself and swam round them.

I waited to see what else happened. When the puppies scrambled out the mother licked them all over, and then started back across the field, the puppies gambolling after her.

CROWNING OF THE JAMBOREE

CHIEF SCOUT A PEER OF THE REALM

The Spirit of Peace the King is Delighted to Honour

FOUNDER OF A YOUTH'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The great Jamboree is over, and the Chief Scout is a lord. B.-P. is the man the King is delighted to honour.

Next to setting up a monument of the Chief Scout on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square (which the C.N. hopes to see before it dies) nothing could be more popular than this new peerage. We hope to look back next week on the great career of Lord Baden-Powell, as he will no doubt call himself, but in the meantime it is enough to say, what has been said here many times, that no man has deserved better of his countrymen than the founder of the Scouts and Guides. He has made a League of Nations that will make war impossible.

A Nobly Worded Tribute

All of us agree with those fine words spoken of him in the University of Liverpool during the Jamboree, when the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him. The words of the Vice-Chancellor of the University will find an echo in many hearts.

Today (said he) we greet and acclaim and take to ourselves a man illustrious in the arts of peace and of war, a model of chivalry, a pattern of courage and of courtesy, a visionary who has brought noble dreams to noble fulfilment, a practical idealist. Soldier and sportsman, writer and sculptor, traveller in many lands, he has learned in the lively school of experience to turn romantic hope to assured reality, and has given unity to his many gifts by dedicating them in love and loyalty to his God, his King, and his country. The world has been his university, but England is his home.

A New Order of Knighthood

Now the 50,000 Scouts are going home. Some have already turned back, but they will never be the same Scouts again. Nor will the world nor the lands from which they came be the same again.

Every Scout goes back with a new invisible Order of Knighthood bound about his young brow. In the old fable, the dragon's teeth were sown in the earth, to spring up as armed men ripe for destruction, but at the Jamboree the seeds that were sown were those of duty, self-sacrifice, friendliness to man and beast, and a knightly code of charity, courtesy, honour, and courage.

From these seeds will spring up the Sons of the Morning. They are being transplanted to many different regions of the world. They are the founders of the young League of Nations the world awaits.

Some Great Moments

Many were the great moments of the Jamboree. There was the moment when the 50,000 Scouts hailed the Chief Scout, the Sower, the author of their being twenty-one years ago. There was the great moment when every Scout felt that the Prince of Wales was one of themselves. There was the moment of meeting, the moment of parting; and we are not sure that the last was not the greatest of all. It was the moment, perchance, when a new era began for the world, as the Scouts scattered to spread the news of peace and goodwill. They will remember long those fine words of the Duke of Connaught:

What does the future hold for our countries and for humanity? I read in your faces the hope and promise of a better world, and in the light of your eyes is the dawn of a better day.

Treasure the memory of this great day. Hold fast to your faith.

Keep the Scout Law.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

A Great Plan for Saving 70 Million People

The Aga Khan, a leading Indian Mohammedan, has made a novel proposal for rescuing the depressed millions of his country.

As C.N. readers know, there are seventy million people in India whom their neighbours regard as unclean and "untouchable" and with whom they will have no dealings. The misery and degradation of these "pariahs" is indeed terrible.

The Aga Khan suggests that Mohammedans and Hindus should join to reclaim these people. Let them divide the country into separate spheres within which Mohammedans and Hindus, setting aside Caste Law, shall make themselves responsible for reclaiming every Untouchable.

Already the Aga Khan's followers at Ahmedabad and other places have set to work on the plan, and men, women, and children are being converted. The Aga Khan has discussed the matter with Mr. Gandhi, but that gentleman appears to regard it as doing a religious thing in an irreligious way.

Most of us will pray that in any way whatever this religious thing may be done—and done soon.

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT

Be sure your sin will find you out might be written as a comment on the accidental unearthing by some workmen in Berlin of a hundred thousand bottles of compressed tear-gas.

The workmen were digging up the foundations of a chemical factory which had produced harmful poison gases during the war when a pickaxe smashed a bottle and the gas, which had been in a liquid form, began to escape through the air as a vapour.

The name of the gas is chloropicrin, and it was produced in Germany during the war in tons.

As it spread it affected first the workmen and then the people in the neighbourhood. Scores of people were afflicted with sore eyes and sickness, and firemen in gas-masks afterwards removed the pernicious bottles.

The authorities subsequently declared that the gas was comparatively harmless and had in fact been employed merely for testing gas-masks. That may be true, but our information is that chloropicrin gas, while beginning by bringing tears to the eyes, goes on to produce far more damaging effects, which may indeed result in the death of the affected persons.

THINGS SAID

Don't whistle when you drink.

Just quoted from an old diary

Science is in danger of becoming a curse to man. Bishop of Salisbury.

The man who is happy is the man who is not too critical. Lord Daryngton

Why is it that landladies are so maligned? Sir James Barrie

The Jamboree is the salute of youth to a new world. Sir Philip Gibbs

I always have a cold dinner on Sundays. The Bishop of Southwell

Keep your faith in your fellows even if you have to suffer for it.

Mr. J. D. Beresford

So long as we have weapons of war let them be cheap and nasty.

Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P.

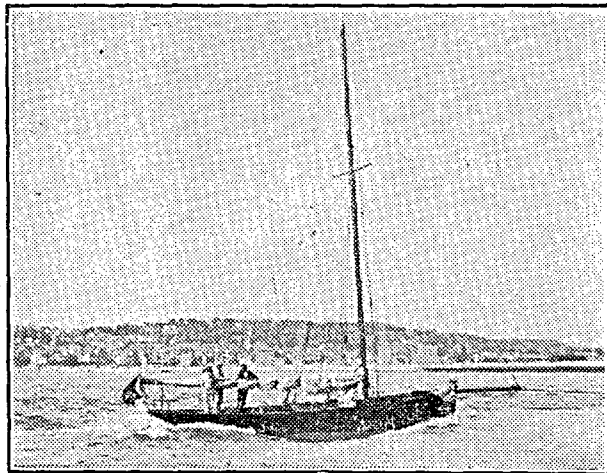
The last country walk of the people of Tunbridge Wells is to be lost to them.

From a letter from Tunbridge Wells

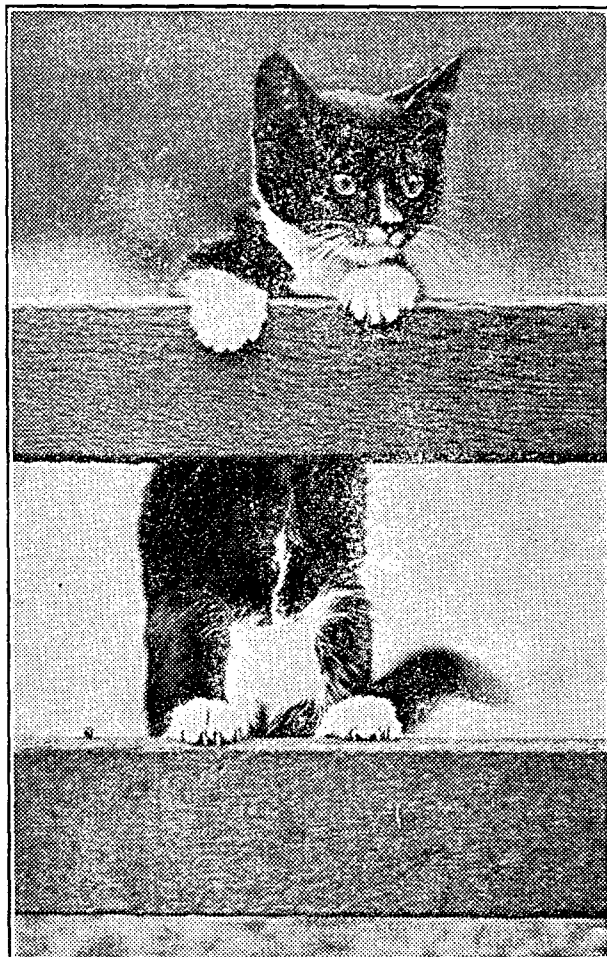
The Film Industry needs to drop its belief that the opinion of a bottle-washer is more valuable than Aristotle's.

Dramatic Critic of The Times

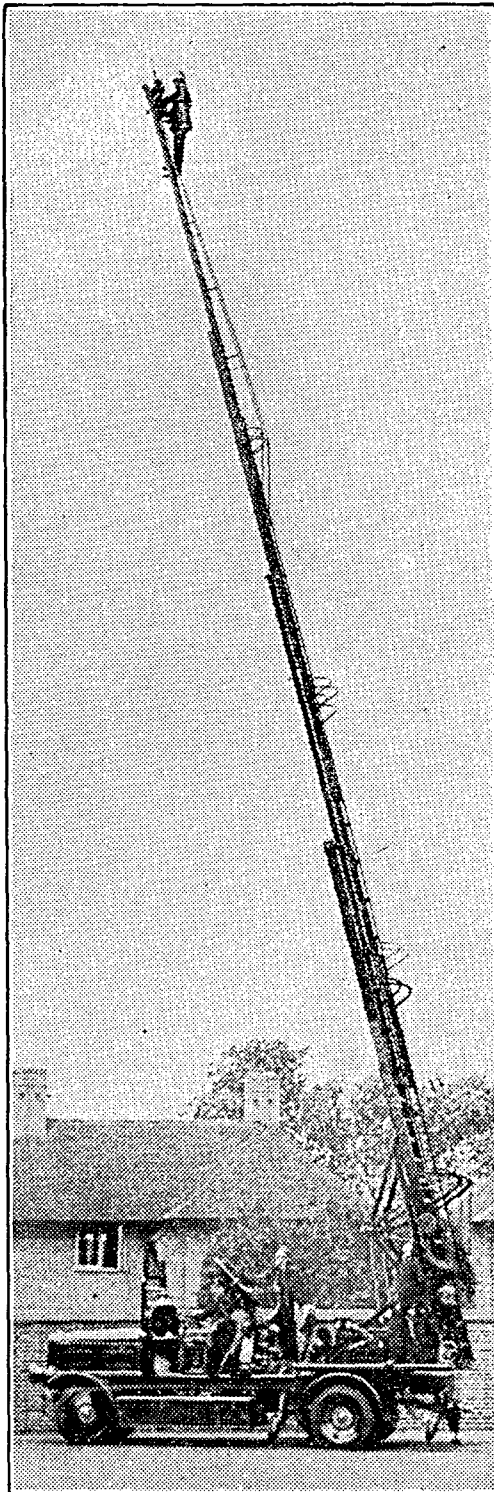
GIANT FIRE ESCAPE · ROUND THE WORLD ALONE · RIVER VANISHES



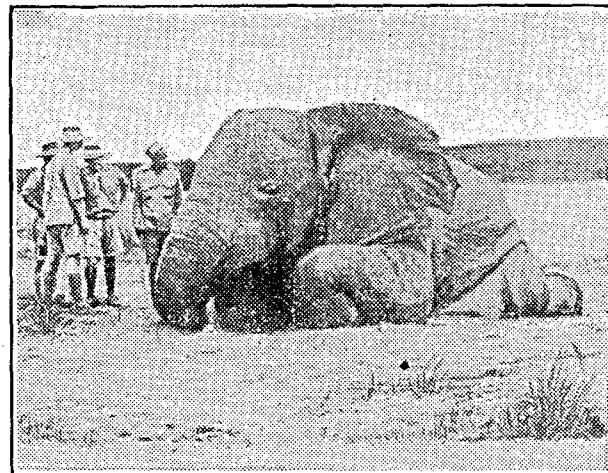
Home at Last—Alain Gerbault the French tennis player is here seen entering Havre at the end of his lonely voyage round the world in his little boat. He was away six years. See page 7.



Keeping an Eye on Things—This little kitten, Tim, uses two bars of a gate as an observation-post to see what is going on among the other animals at the farm in Hertfordshire where he lives.



Telephone on a Fire Escape—A new fire escape, 90 feet high, has been acquired by the Leicester Fire Brigade. A telephone is used to give instructions to the fireman directing a hose from the top.



A Rare Sight—It has long been a problem why travellers so rarely find elephants that have died a natural death. This one was seen by Sir William Gowers in Africa, as told on page 1.



Good-Bye London—There were no happier girls anywhere than these Guides as their train steamed out of a London station. They were on their way to their camp in the Isle of Wight.



River Vanishes—At Chelvey in Somerset the River Kenn disappeared as a result of the drought. Here we see the dry bed of the river, which is normally about 39 feet wide.



Scouts Build Their Own House—The Madras Scouts attending the great Jamboree at Birkenhead built their own hut of plaited palm leaves, as shown in this picture.

A LONG WALK TO THE JAMBOREE

How Raghbir Singh Got There

There was one boy at Arrowe Park who deserved all the hospitality and friendliness and all that the Jamboree has meant to a stranger in England. He is Raghbir Singh from the Kangra Valley in the Punjab.

Raghbir is a Rajput. There are comparatively few of this race left now in India, but a thousand years ago they found many dynasties of kings for the Rajput States, and their aristocracy in the native races has never been lost. Even now, as peasants, hard-working men of the soil, they have a distinction.

Raghbir went to school at the Hamirpur Government High School and there became a Scout. Not long ago he was chosen as one of the 55 Scouts of the Punjab to go to the Jamboree at Birkenhead. What Raghbir felt about the glory of that he hid in his heart. But from that day onward all his waking thoughts were on his adventure.

Into the Unknown

Out of his day dreams he came to earth with a bump. The Boy Scouts of the Punjab were to meet at Simla, and Simla was 95 miles away. Raghbir had no money for the railway fare.

One day he put together in a pack everything he would need for the many months' absence, and set off on foot for Simla. It was in the midst of the great prickly heat, when the Punjab simmers like a furnace. Into the unknown the Scout went, climbed the pitiless mountains, crossed the scorching valleys. In three days he had walked the 95 miles.

When he joined the contingent at Simla he felt rather tired, but said little. He would have done it again, and more, if it meant getting to the Jamboree.

OVERLOADED SHIP

Last Moments of the Vestris

After many days the causes of the loss of the Vestris, which went down in the Atlantic off the American coast last November, were laid bare by the Court of Inquiry, and it is hard to find anything consoling in them.

The liner was overloaded, the cargo shifted, and in the appalling confusion when the ship at the mercy of wind and waves took a bad list women and children were placed in the wrong boats.

Yet, if there is a shred of consolation to be drawn from a tragedy that cost 112 lives, two thoughts might supply it. The first is that when such things happen they are investigated with a thoroughness that leaves not the slightest fault unrecorded. By this strict justice the recurrence of such accidents is reduced as far as human effort can make accidents unlikely.

The second thought arises from an incident that was brought to light. The captain of the Vestris was too hopeful; he did not send out the S.O.S. message soon enough. But he was the last man to leave his ship and he walked into the sea without a lifebelt, with the words on his lips, half a prayer: "My God, I am not to blame for this." Blameworthy or not, in that last awful moment he died like a brave man.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER

Mr. Bernhard Baron, who is said to have left a million to charities, gave twice that sum to good causes during his 78 years. "Money itself" (he declared) "does not bring happiness, but the giving of it does"; and his benefactions were made without religious or national restrictions.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Boccaccio . . . Bok-katch-yo
Galapagos . . . Gah-lah-pah-gos
Reykjavik . . . Ray-kyah-veek

Sulking in Their Tents

WESLEYANS AND THE CENTRAL HALL

Sad End of the Great Million Guineas Thanksgiving Fund

THE LIGHT OF FAITH AND THE LIGHT OF HEALING

We have been asked to refer once more to the question that has so often been dealt with in the C.N. concerning the position of our Wesleyan friends and the Central Hall at Westminster.

The matter was raised at the Wesleyan Conference at Plymouth a week or two ago, when Sir Robert Perks referred to the criticisms that have appeared in the C.N. and quoted the old proverb that fools and children should not see things half done. We think the proverb refers equally well to wise men and Wesleyans, and it is even more true for all of us if we turn it round a little and say that good people should never leave things half done.

The Important Point

There was a good deal of talk at the Wesleyan Conference that had nothing to do with the case, and the delegates must have been quite aware that as a preacher Sir Robert Perks was wandering from his text. The point is not whether the original plan of the Central Hall can be carried out or not. Everybody would be delighted to have the two towers, for who does not love towers? As far as the C.N. is concerned it would like nothing better than to see the towers set up.

The fact is rather that the powers behind the Central Hall appear to be sulking because the law has decided against them, and instead of adapting their plans to an unexpected situation they insist on leaving the hall unfinished, a blot on the finest scene in London.

We have asked in vain for an authoritative statement of the case for the Central Hall authorities. It is not forthcoming, and in answer to those Wesleyans who have written to us for it we can only give the facts as they are apparent to all the world.

The G.H.Q. of Wesleyanism

The Central Hall was built out of the Million Guineas Fund raised in thanksgiving by the Wesleyans throughout the country at the end of the nineteenth century. It was to be the G.H.Q. of Wesleyanism, and it was a great service to London when the trustees of the Fund swept away the shabby block of buildings and set up the Central Hall block in their place. It was due to the subscribers to the Fund, as to London itself, that the building should be worthy of the great cause of Methodism, and the generous spirit of the Wesleyan Church gave the trustees every opportunity for contributing something notable to the architecture of London.

It is said that Lord Balfour once spoke of the Central Hall as one of the most beautiful bits of modern architecture in the metropolis, but we are certain that Lord Balfour would agree with us that the unfinished front is an unforgivable piece of ugliness. And why is the Hall unfinished? It is because the authorities realised too late that the architect's plans had provided for two towers that would interfere with the building across the street, the Westminster Hospital.

Hospital and Central Hall

Most people will think this might have been discovered earlier, but with the quarrel between the Hospital and the Central Hall the public has nothing to do. The Hospital authorities say the towers would darken their rooms and interfere with the hospital work, and everybody knows that the Westminster Hospital is not unreasonable. It is not to be expected that a hospital would be willing to sacrifice light to suit an

architect's plan; it is the business of the architect to adapt his plans to his environment.

Be this as it may, the law has decided against the Central Hall authorities on the ground that the Central Hall is not entitled to rob the Hospital of light. It is a perfectly proper law, which is applied in every great city in England every day, and it is not fair to describe it as if it were something arbitrary and peculiar.

The law having decided against them, what did the Central Hall authorities do? The reasonable and gracious thing would have been to alter the plans to suit the situation arising from lack of foresight; but the Central Hall authorities decided to leave the front in its unfinished state.

Miserable Anti-Climax

The builder went home and left his work unfinished. He left the space where the next brick should have gone, with no attempt to make the front view of this building fit for the noble site it occupies. The authorities set £17,000 apart for finishing the work some day, and the money has lain there nearly a generation while this gaping wound in the Central Hall has been exposed to all the millions of visitors to Westminster.

Now the money has been set aside for another purpose, and there is apparently no intention of finishing the Hall until public opinion insists on it. It is a miserable anti-climax for the Million Guineas Fund.

It is a crying shame. It is a crying shame that we should suffer day by day the hideous spectacle of Mr. Epstein's nightmares close by, but they are at least deliberate and completed things, whereas the Central Hall stands incomplete for no other reason, as far as we can see, than that the trustees of the Million Guineas Fund are sulking. "Everyone that is discontented gathers in the cave of Adullam."

An Offer to the Authorities

It is a bad advertisement for the architect who has not been able to devise a suitable substitute for the forbidden towers. It is a bad advertisement for London that we should have this piece of ugliness up there, the only ugly thing within sight as we stand in this famous place. It is a bad advertisement for Wesleyanism that it should allow us all to think that it sulks in its tents when it finds itself against the law. It is a bad advertisement for religion that this obstinate piece of ill-will should be persisted in in the name of the greatest Free Church in the land.

If the C.N. has been unjust to the Central Hall authorities it now offers them for the third time the use of its columns to put their case before the hundreds of thousands of homes into which the C.N. goes.

FASTEST ATLANTIC LINER

The record for the fastest crossing of the Atlantic by a passenger vessel, held for many years by the Mauretania, has been captured by the new German liner Bremen.

On her maiden voyage to New York the Bremen made the Atlantic crossing in four days, 17 hours, and 42 minutes, handsomely beating the Mauretania's fastest trip. On the homeward voyage the journey from New York to Plymouth was accomplished in four days and 17 hours, nearly six hours less than the Mauretania's best time for the same journey.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT KNOW

And What He Missed

A prospector on the Gold Coast while searching for gold discovered manganese.

Unlike the digger mentioned by Bret Harte who was sinking for water in Dow's Flat and found gold, the Gold Coast miner did not recognise treasure when he saw it. What was manganese to him! It looked like unwanted iron. But to a geologist who came after him the old manganese hole pointed the way to the discovery of one of the largest and richest deposits of manganese in the world.

Manganese, alloyed with iron, makes one of the hardest steels known. It is invaluable for tools and toughness. Sir Arthur Kitson, who told the story of the discovery, gave manganese a bad testimonial by saying that it was invaluable in the war.

We would rather think of it as invaluable in peace, and the odd tale of its accidental discovery is an argument for better geological surveys of the boundless wealth of the Empire.

POOR CHINA'S FAMISHED MILLIONS

A Four-Years Drought

It is human nature not to think over-much of the misfortunes of thousands of Chinese who are thousands of miles away, but the least imaginative might be staggered by the fact that there are still 35 million people in North-West China suffering from famine.

The International Famine Relief Commission, which reports these figures, makes them seem more appalling by the remark that in spite of all the efforts made to supply the vast famine region with food there are still all these people with so little to eat that many of them feed like dogs and some have become cannibals.

In the province of Kansu the wheat-growing lands have become a desert, for no rain has fallen on them for four years. How puny the English drought of a few months seems in comparison.

Disease follows in the train of famine among these wretched sufferers. In one city the population has fallen from 60,000 to 3000.

Poor China! As if her battles and marauding bands were not enough.

LONDON'S TIDE OF MUSIC

SWEEPS IN

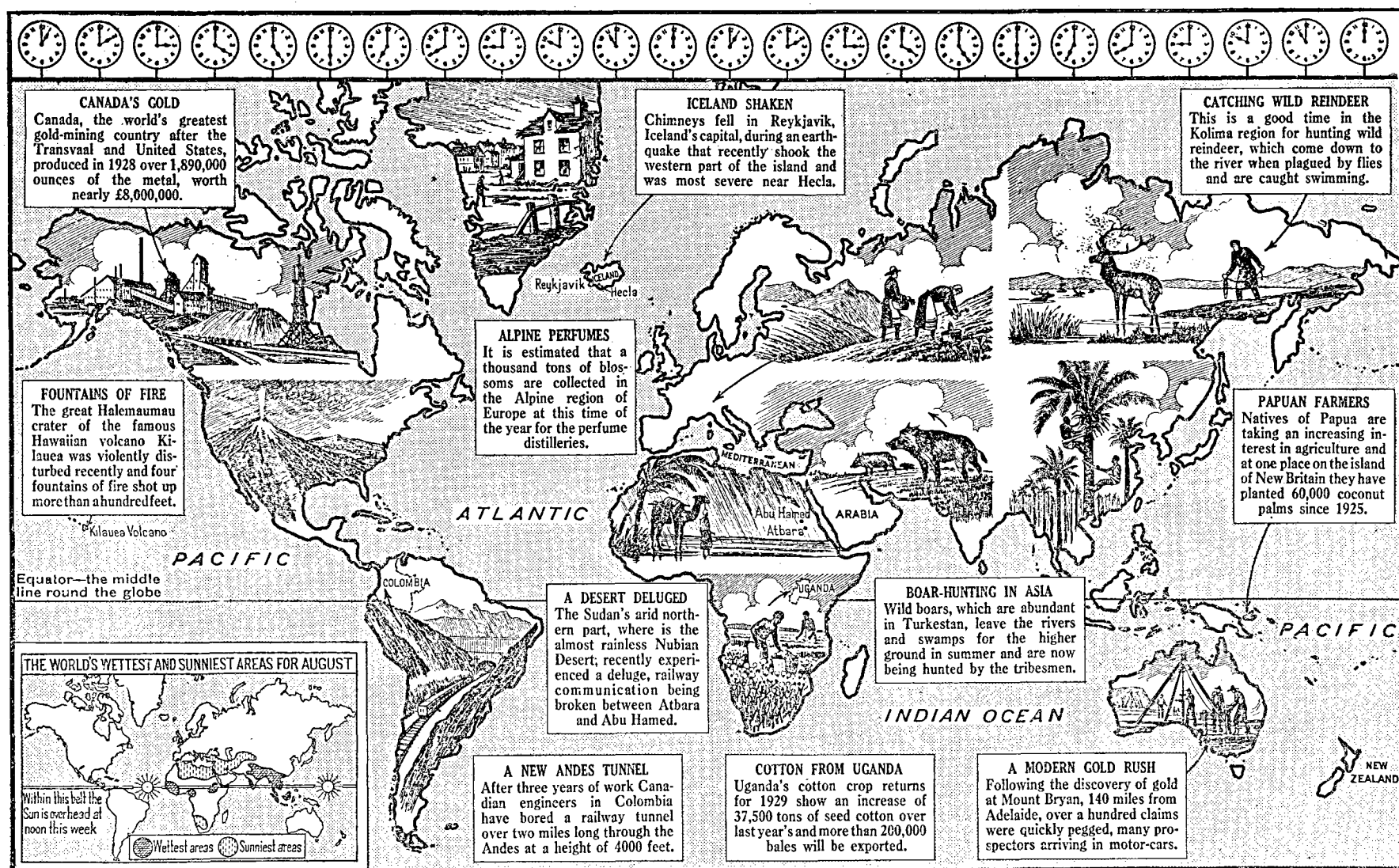
Those who are in London in August will be able to greet an old friend again, for the B.B.C. is once more giving us our Promenade Concerts, with Sir Henry Wood conducting. This season will be the celebration of their thirty-fifth birthday, and everyone will wish them many happy returns.

The season will last eight weeks, and the programme contains much to interest everyone. Wagner will have Monday nights devoted to him, as in past years, and the Beethoven concerts, every Friday, will contain the nine Symphonies, finishing with the famous Choral on October 4, when the National Chorus will be heard for the first time by a Promenade audience.

An important innovation this year will be the music on Thursday evenings, when British programmes will be given.

Meanwhile we are sure Queen's Hall will be as fully packed this year as last, for lovers of good music have but eight weeks in which to spend their shillings. So much lovely music at such little expense can rarely be heard in London.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FINDING ICEBERGS Will Wireless Do It?

The iceberg, next to fog the greatest menace to the ships that cross the North Atlantic, is not yet conquered.

In a British Association discussion Mr. F. E. Smith said that wireless might be the conqueror.

Other ways of signalling the presence of icebergs to navigators had failed; the work of the ice-patrols and the efforts to blow up icebergs drifting on the sea routes had only reduced the danger.

The day would come, nevertheless, when there would be instruments to send out excessively short wireless waves from the ship which would reach the suspected iceberg even in a fog, and be reflected back on the ship's wireless instrument to give the needed warning.

Q AND HIS PEN

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Q of so many delightful books, has been telling a good story about himself. He was talking to Devon men about his own early days, and the tale of the pen came out.

Sir Arthur, then a young man, was about to sit for an examination, and he bought himself a new penholder for the occasion. It was a grand, bright, penholder, with a thick cork rim—one of those so comfortable to hold—price (pre-war) 1½d. Q and his pen went into the examination room hand in hand, so to speak, but somehow managed to make a mess of things.

When the examination results came out Q was nowhere.

He went to his room, took out the cork penholder, and said to it: "This won't do, old boy. Somehow you and I have got to redeem this failure."

Redeem it they did, for the young man who had failed in the examination became one day Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University. And the books by Q—about fifty—have all been written with the aid of the cork penholder.

PICKING UP NITRATES

Something more truly valuable than the diamond diggings in Namaqualand has been found in South-West Africa. It is a vast field of nitrates.

Chile supplies a great part of the world with the nitrates that fertilise the crops, and so necessary are these fertilisers that the manufacture of artificial nitrates from the nitrogen of the air has sprung up to compete with and supplement those from the nitrate fields.

The field in the Gibeon District of South-West Africa has been examined by scientific chemists. It may not prove of equal value everywhere, but much of the country is like that of the nitrate fields of Chile.

Professor Smeath Thomas told the British Association that, though he wished to speak cautiously, he thought that over a great many parts of the Gibeon nitrate field, which may perhaps prove as great as 30,000 square miles, the deposits of nitrates could be worked at a profit of over £3 a ton.

THE BOY WHO BROKE CAMP

There are, after all, some good reasons why a boy might commit the breach of discipline known as breaking camp. We have just heard of one which seems admirable, and very human.

It had been a beautiful day, and the Sun was making, as Shakespeare wrote, a goodly set. But a boy was missing from camp, and others were growing anxious about him. When he did arrive it was not easy to get an explanation, for he was ashamed, we are told, of the impulse that drove him to break camp. He had been to watch the sunset!

So rare an event for him, this sunset, for he came from an industrial town where boys and girls rarely have an opportunity of seeing a sunset. The time will come when this will not be so, when the slums are swept away; meanwhile we must hope that any boy who breaks camp to see a sunset for the first time will be made to feel that it is a thing of which he need not be ashamed.

THE SEA BEATS THE CHEMIST

Mysterious sea! said the Poet.

Nonsense, interrupted the Chemist. There is nothing whatever mysterious about the sea.

Can you comprehend it? challenged the Poet.

Certainly, retorted the Chemist. Salt water is composed of this and that. I can produce artificial salt water which is identical in composition with sea water.

He was as good as his word. He manufactured sea water. He put sea fish into it—and they died!

Mr. Boulenger, who devised the wonderful aquarium at the Zoo, vouches for it. When only five per cent of normal sea water is added to the artificial sea water, then fish can live in it, but not otherwise.

Men of science can do wonderful things but they cannot make sea water as well as Dame Nature does. They may think they can, but the fish know better.

No wonder the sea is still twinkling.

RUSKIN'S FRIEND

All who love Ruskin and William Morris will remember how they worked to keep the spirit of craftsmanship alive when the factory threatened it.

One of Ruskin's helpers was Miss Marion Twelves, who became head of the Ruskin hand-spinning and weaving industry. For 40 years they were friends and crusaders. Now at 86 her work is done.

Miss Twelves and her helpers made the embroideries for the coffins of Ruskin and Tennyson, and when she herself was carried to rest she was covered in a pall embroidered with Saint George and the Dragon made by her own friends.

Today, although so many things must be made in factories, craftsmanship is triumphantly holding its own. People gladly pay more for pottery, stuffs, or furniture that are handmade, knowing them to be better value. So Ruskin and Morris and Marion Twelves and other lovers of beauty have triumphed.

A TREASURE PASSES BY Precious Story Book in an Auction Room

A rare and lovely thing, bright with gold and all the colours of the rainbow, made a fleeting appearance in Piccadilly in the last days of July. It was a copy on vellum of Boccaccio's Decameron, and was sold by Mr. Hurcomb at his auction rooms for £1800.

Nearly four centuries old was this illuminated manuscript, its lettering enclosed in borders of flowering scroll-work on which peacocks and archers, nereids, naiads, dryads, and many a grotesque animal played.

All the world loves a picture book, and this was one almost beyond compare. The Italian Boccaccio, who wrote the tales within it; the Frenchman who translated it; the scribe who transcribed it and spent laborious years in adorning it with pictures, all contributed something to it. Perhaps £1800 was not a great deal for so much toil and genius spent on it, though the writer and the artist between them received not a tenth of this sum.

It was one of the many rare and delightful treasures seen last month in London sale-rooms and shops which are often as wonderful as many a museum to which the treasures go.

THE QUERY POST

While a police constable was standing on point duty at the Marble Arch an aeroplane passed overhead. Three people came to him and asked him what it was. Four people wanted to know where it came from. Four people asked where it was going and seven more asked why it was there at all.

And every one of these eighteen inquirers was sent away satisfied. What the policeman said I do not know, but he did what I could never have done; he answered 18 people concerning what he did not know himself. Lord Byng.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 17 1929

The Tariff Wall Against Knowledge

THE world is getting on. Kew has abolished her penny fee. Italy is opening her museums free to all the world. Will all our museums please follow?

Nearly all the best things in England can be seen for nothing; nearly but not quite. There are days when the lover of beauty, seized with a desire to see again the picture he thinks the loveliest in the world, turns to the doors of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square and finds a notice there: *Sixpence to pay.*

The other morning we saw three country folk wondering whether to go into the London Museum, but the notice said *Tuesday* is, and they suddenly remembered it was Tuesday. There are days when it costs sixpence to see Anne Boleyn or Queen Elizabeth or the poet Gay at the National Portrait Gallery. It would not astonish us to learn that many people (if not most) are ignorant that they are there. Sixpence a day keeps the public away. The Portrait Gallery once tried the experiment of doubling its Pay Days and made £300 by keeping out fifty thousand people.

The seeker after knowledge is the person we have in mind. If all such seekers had plenty of days to spare, and spending one of them among the glories of Raphael and Titian, Velasquez and Murillo, Rembrandt and Van Eyck, Reynolds and Gainsborough, had to spend sixpence as well, they would have as cheap a sixpennyworth as there is in the world.

But it is the ordinary passer-by for whom we plead, the passer-by with perhaps half an hour to spare in which to refresh his heart and mind with the sight of the masterpieces of the London Treasury. How often does the thought of this irritating sixpence make him think again?

Knowledge should be free. The sight of the treasures which belong to Britain should be always free to the people who own them either by gift or inheritance and who pay for their upkeep. Why clap on this useless unnecessary sixpence to make a few thousands a year for battleships and submarines? In our modest way we are progressing. Kew has at last knocked off the absurd penny which was demanded at the turnstiles. The reason for imposing it could only have been to keep children out, an act of sheer stupidity.

But we are all children, groping after entertainment or pleasure, and the most modest, the most enduring, the most precious of these pleasures is the sight of beautiful things and the understanding of their beauty. Why not pull down this Tariff Wall Against Knowledge?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



We Must Keep Our Word

THE sad news has come across the sea that Australia and New Zealand have both protested against the idea that this heavily-burdened country should save millions by stopping the naval works at Singapore.

But have not both Australia and New Zealand signed the Kellogg Pact? And have they signed it meaning what they sign?

It is more than time that plain words were spoken about the signing of treaties. We mean what we say when we say that we will not work for war but will seek peace, and we cannot afford to throw millions of money to the bottom of the sea at Singapore in order to break our word.

Boleses and Bourbons

SIR DENNIS BOLES, Master of the Somerset Foxhounds and of the Quantock Stag-hounds, does not seem quite to have grasped what the public thinks of the exploits of these packs.

There ought to be more hunting, he says; the more men hunt the better it is for the country as a whole.

What led him to this conclusion appears to be that, whereas shooting-men used to be content with killing 20 or 30 pheasants a day, now they want to shoot 300 or 400. Therefore hunting-men, in order to live with the times, ought to kill more foxes and deer.

In other words, one good kill deserves another. But that is not quite the view of humane people when they hear of the brutalities of the West Country stag-hunters. Their view, and that of the C.N., is that the fewer sportsmen of this kind there are the better it will be for the country and for humanity.

The Boleses of England, like the Bourbons of France, seem to forget nothing and learn nothing.

Law In Favour of the Rich

WHEN Lord Justice Scrutton recently declared that the law was too costly the hearts of humble suitors went out to him.

If a Lord Justice of Appeal thinks that 100 guineas is too much to pay before a suitor can even approach the Appeal Court then the layman can do no other than agree with him.

Only one thing is to be said on behalf of these horrible charges. They may make people think more than once before going to law.

On the other hand it is the poor suitor who will be frightened off, not the rich one. The scales of the law should in nowise be weighted in the rich man's favour.

It is the pride of English Law that there is one law only for rich and for poor, but Lord Justice Scrutton has allowed us to see that it may prove very expensive to find what the law is.

Alice Francis

By a Correspondent

I WENT to visit a new acquaintance, Alice Francis of the loving heart, aged two. She was in her bath. She looked like a flower-bud floating in a shell.

Said I to her: "Alice Francis, the last time I saw you you were in a Bus. Now I see you again, and you are in a Bath. Which do you like best?"

You, said Alice Francis.

Tip-Cat

THE river is named as the obvious place for a week-end. That is, of course, if you want to be in the swim.

It is good to have a great ancestor. If you haven't it is better to have one painted.

THE Scottish father is proud of his son when he ceases to ask for money. The Scottish son is proud of himself when he can get money out of his father.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If judges wear law suits

A VOICE alone will not command success for a singer. So when he gets one he must not suppose all is over except the shouting.

A MOTOR insurance company has started spoiling the roads with its hoardings. One more company for motorists not to insure with.

Do not, it is written, let your child worry people in a railway carriage. Especially if the window is open.

A LONDON theatre advertises smoking as an attraction. For this extra heat the audiences must be truly grateful.

Nothing Like the Rose

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face:
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows. Christina Rossetti

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE new Cornish express has vitaglass for all its windows.

SOMEBODY unknown has given £100,000 to Middlesex Hospital.

GODSTONE GREEN's tithe barn has become a village hall instead of going to America.

CLAPHAM has turned old houses into 308 model flats without harming the trees and gardens.

THE Chief Scout has received £10,000 from an American banker for promoting friendship among boys.

It Will Clear Up

WE met our friend in a railway carriage the other day, a short man, red-cheeked, red-haired, with a look of worry on his clean-shaven face.

He was reading a book of essays rather idly and as if he had no heart for anything. We fell into talk, and in a very little time the stranger said frankly that he was troubled because things were going so badly with his business. He was a tailor in the West End, and was losing a thousand a year owing to poor trade.

"Bits of this book used to cheer me up whenever I got depressed," he said, fingering a volume of *Letters on Life*. "But I'm rather extra depressed tonight. He was a fine writer, was Claudius Clear, but I can't think of books or writers much when I consider the darkness of my future."

"But your favourite writer," we told him eagerly, "taught his children what he called an eleventh commandment, a very important commandment indeed. It will help you if you will only bear it in mind."

"What is it?"

"It's against all worry. Here it is: *Thou shalt always say it is going to clear up,*" we repeated slowly and steadily. "Business will improve; you will do better very soon."

His gloomy face certainly cleared up. "It's the sort of saying that sticks, and I shan't be able to forget it," he murmured.

Ask a Policeman

LORD BYNG mentioned a policeman the other day who was asked 18 questions about an aeroplane flying overhead. Answering questions forms a very large part of what the London policeman has to do. And he does it as admirably as he directs the traffic.

He stands on point-duty, amid the unceasing hordes of vehicles, for sometimes seven hours on end. He directs here a lorry and there a charabanc, now a taxi and then a tradesman's van. And while he lifts up and down his semaphore arm he answers questions.

He tells the motor-car driver the way; he informs the anxious old lady where the bus stops; he directs the stranger in these parts where to find the street he wants.

When not talking he may be escorting the old lady, or the small party of children with the baby in the pram, across the busy crossing.

His eyes are for the traffic, his ears are at the service of all, and the one task that neither are employed upon is looking for criminals.

He may have to do that when on his beat, but when he is on point duty all the criminals might be miles away. If they were only yards away he would hardly have time for them.

Thus we see the policeman slipping away from his old task of looking after the guilty into a new one of preserving the innocent from harm. It is a good work; we hope he prefers it.

A 6-YEAR ADVENTURE

ALAIN GERBAULT HOME AT LAST

The Firecrest Sails Peacefully Into Harbour

FRAIL BARQUE IN SEVEN SEAS

Alain Gerbault's return home in the Firecrest was as lone as the lonely voyage he has just completed.

The little ship and the sailor stole into Cherbourg in a fog, and Alain slept till the dawn awoke him, and left on the following morning for Le Havre, where an official welcome awaited him.

He had not much to say, but there was one sentence he let fall which recalls a historic utterance. He could not help feeling a shade of melancholy, he admitted, at the thought that now the great adventure of his life was over. Gibbon the historian, who spent many years of his life in writing the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, confessed to the same sadness when he had penned the last words of his manuscript.

Over 36,000 Miles of Sea

But Gibbon's great work still lives, and his own life had many useful days after he had done with Rome. So it will be with Alain Gerbault, who has already set about repairing and overhauling the little craft which had been his sole companion over 36,000 miles of sea.

It is rumoured that once again he will set sail toward the westering Sun. He may take ship again in the Firecrest. If he does we may take some pride in recalling that this staunch craft was built in England from the design of an English yachtsman, Dixon Kemp.

One of his first cares was for his boat. When the Committee of Welcome at last found the shy adventurer he was fearful lest the throng should trample on her. "She is so tired, my boat," he explained, quite forgetting to add that he was rather tired too.

The Legion of Honour

Yet tired he was, so weary that he could hardly acknowledge suitably the announcement that the decoration of the Legion of Honour had been conferred on him. All he could find to say to the official who announced it was "Thank you, mon Commandant."

But there was a flash of youthful spirit left in Alain Gerbault, who, before he left France, had been one of France's best lawn-tennis players. He returned to find that France had made lawn-tennis history in the six years of his roaming, and he was delighted to be hurried to St. Cloud, where he could see Cochet and Borotra win the Davis Cup again. Borotra, it may be added, leaped over the net and rushed to the public seats to embrace him.

Itinerary of the Long Voyage

While Lacoste and Cochet and Borotra have been making the Davis Cup the property of France, Alain Gerbault has been taking his little bit of France all over the world. It was in 1923 that he crossed the Atlantic. He sailed 5600 miles in doing so, reaching Long Island 142 days after sailing from Cannes.

In 1924 he left New York and went round the world by way of the Panama Canal and the Galapagos Islands, then across the Pacific to Thursday Island at the north-east corner of Australia, and home again by the Pacific Ocean, the Indian Ocean, Mauritius, the Cape, St. Helena, Cape Verde Islands, and the Azores.

He lived on salt pork, biscuits, rice, water—and books, among them those of his hero Robert Louis Stevenson, as well as Darwin, Kipling, and Tennyson. Once he fell ill and drifted till he got well. Once his boat was all but swamped in a storm, and once he would have starved but for the fish he caught.

THE IDOL IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

THE death of Mrs. T. H. Lewis recalls many old memories.

She was one of the brave pioneers who fought for higher education for girls when girls were taught little but croquet and dancing. But she was one of those fighters who have a great sense of humour, and was no fanatic.

She loved to tell the story of the idol. Her husband, Colonel Lewis, who had fought in the Indian Mutiny when he was 17, was greatly beloved by the tribesmen of the Chittagong Hill Tracts, where he was Political Officer for many years. At length, to show their gratitude for all he had done for them, the

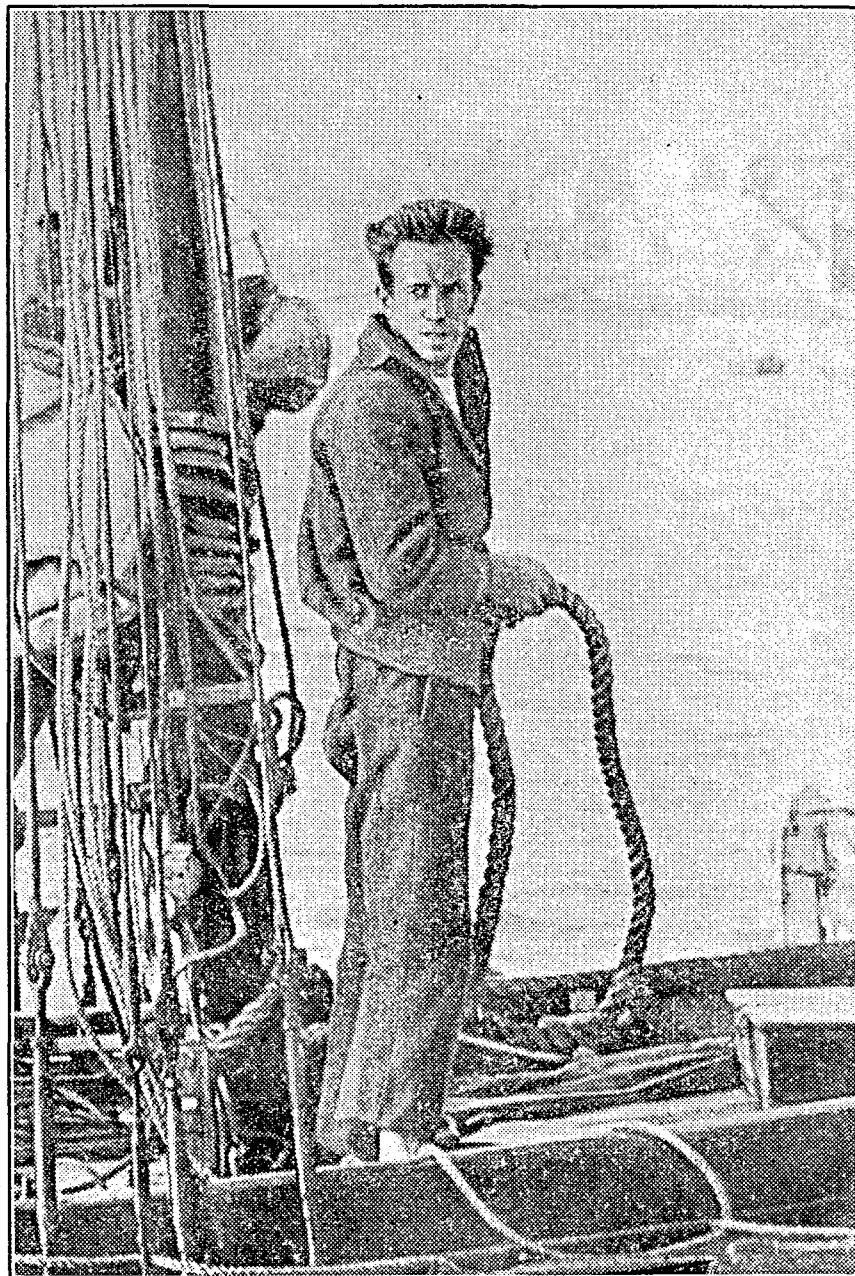
priests gave him a figure of Buddha which was held in great reverence.

It was impossible to refuse such a gift without wounding the givers, and it had to stand in the drawing-room, in the place of honour. Pilgrims had constantly to be allowed to hold services before it.

Often and often the poor lady must have wished that her husband was less popular, and that she could call her drawing-room her own, but she could not hurt anyone's feelings, and so she made the best of things.

Does the Anglo-Indian community produce such heroines still, we wonder?

THE LONELY MARINER HOME AGAIN



Alain Gerbault, the French tennis player who has been sailing round the world alone, as told in the first column, is here seen arriving home. We give a picture of his boat, on page 3.

WHY DOES A DIVER WEAR A CAP?

A DIVER is anything but prepossessing to look at, yet few can watch him without a thrill.

There he stands in the diving-boat, encased to the neck in a one-piece waterproof suit. He dons a pair of boots which weigh about a hundredweight, and then, to satisfy superstition, draws on a little red woollen cap. The use of this cap is shrouded in mystery, but no diver would go down without it.

Now he waddles over the stern on to the diving-ladder, an attendant claps on his copper helmet with a clang, the little glass window is screwed into place, and down he goes like a stone. All you can see is the diver's air pipe, his life-line, and a little trail of bubbles, yet you know that he is safely on the bottom and

can remain there for a considerable time in comparative comfort.

Round go the wheels of the air pump and up come the bubbles, but still there is no diver.

Suddenly the bubbles stop, and soon after, the diver reappears at the surface. How did he rise? His boots weigh a hundredweight, and you saw no one heave in his life-line. No, you are quite right, he was not pulled up, but rose by the simple means of closing the air valve on his helmet and blowing out his diving-suit until he became sufficiently buoyant to rise to the surface.

Divers at work will provide one of the many attractive sights at Plymouth Navy Week (August 17 to 24), and are sure to appeal to young and old alike.

A GREAT PEACE DAY

KELLOGG PACT IN OPERATION

More and More Nations Join in Renouncing War

FULL OF HOPE

The world moves steadily on toward universal peace. All peace-loving people have been delighted with the two steps taken on each side of the Atlantic.

In London the Prime Minister announced that negotiations with America over naval armaments were well forward and that he hoped to pay his much-talked-of visit to the President in October. It is hoped that as a result of that visit Britain and America, owners of the two largest fleets in the world, will agree that, as they are never going to fight each other, there is no need for their navies to be as big as they are, and that there will be an end of the mad superstition of huge navies.

What Britain is Doing

That will mean the scrapping of many ships, built and building. With agreement so near it is absurd to go on with building that may prove to be unneeded. So Mr. MacDonald announced that building was being stopped at once on two great 10,000-ton cruisers and contracts would be stopped for two submarines and a submarine depot ship, and all other work would be slowed down. Also, nothing would be done about the new building work for the autumn till after the Washington visit.

In a flash came back the news that, on hearing of Mr. MacDonald's announcement President Hoover had announced in his turn that the building of three cruisers included in this year's programme would not be begun till it was known whether they would be needed under the present agreement.

Mr. Hoover's Proclamation

That was the first great step—the suspension of shipbuilding in Britain and America. The other was Mr. Hoover's proclamation in Washington that the Kellogg Pact had come into effect, "renouncing war as an instrument of national policy." That day the last of the fifteen nations who originally agreed on the Pact had deposited its ratification of the Treaty with the President. Twenty-six other countries had done the same, and five more had announced that ratification was on the way. Thus 46 nations are now solemnly bound not to enforce their national interests by war.

Of course, although the Pact had not come legally into force till that day, everyone has felt morally bound by it from the day it was first decided to support it. We have seen a striking illustration of this only lately, when both Russia and China announced that it was unnecessary to remind them of their duties under the Pact and that they had no intention of enforcing their quarrel by war so long as they were not attacked.

Influence of the Treaty

Standing with Mr. Coolidge on his right and Mr. Kellogg on his left, President Hoover addressed the assembled representatives of the nations. He congratulated the whole world on an act so full of hope for the future happiness of mankind and prophesied that the influence of the Treaty would be felt in all future international actions. Then he read the proclamation of the Treaty to the American people, "to the end that every article and clause thereof may be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the United States and the people thereof."

Truly it was a great day.

200 YEARS OF FAME

THOMAS NEWCOMEN AND WHAT HE DID

The Man Who Made Steam a Great Power in the World AN IRONMONGER'S GENIUS

In the first week in August two hundred years ago Thomas Newcomen died in London and was buried in the historic burial ground in Bunhill Fields.

He was a man who should not be forgotten, for he has a place among a succession of men who by their inventions brought steam into use to produce force working helpfully for mankind.

It is well that we should remember that great inventions, as we know them, were nearly all produced little by little, through the observation of a number of thoughtful men each introducing an improvement. There is no ready answer to such a question as Who invented the steam engine?

Machinery for Mines

What Newcomen did was to improve machinery for pumping water out of mines. He improved the method of pumping up water from a considerable depth by a fixed machine which used steam, though it was not the force of steam that did the chief work.

The force that most helped the work was atmospheric pressure—the weight of the air which surrounds the Earth. The working part of Newcomen's machine (which he did not invent) was a big beam with its ends working up and down like a see-saw. At one end of the beam was the pump to raise the water as the beam end rose, and at the other end the beam was attached to a piston working in an airtight vertical cylinder.

Use of the Cold Jet

Into the hollow cistern steam was passed. Then a jet of cold water was passed in, and it condensed the steam and formed a vacuum in the cylinder. Whereupon the pressure of the air upon the piston at the top of the cylinder thrust the piston down into the cylinder, and dragged down after it the end of the beam, thus raising the other end of the beam with the pumping attachment.

What Newcomen did was to improve the use of the cold jet to create a bigger vacuum and make the pump work more powerfully. And is that all? Yes; and it was a great deal at that time. For coal-mining was almost coming to an end through the inability to get the water out of the mines, and Newcomen's improved pumping engine did what was needed.

A Skilled Workman

About Newcomen's personal life very little is known. Most of it is supposition from the things he undoubtedly did. Apparently he was a skilled workman, or an ironmonger concerned with the ironworker's craft, and probably was engaged in erecting an imperfect form of pumping machinery which he saw could be greatly improved.

The chief difference between Newcomen's condenser and that of Savery, the original inventor, was that Savery used water outside the cylinder and Newcomen introduced a jet inside, and caused much less loss of heat. Later James Watt greatly improved the process, but Newcomen's engine remained long in use. Newcomen and Savery, instead of acting in rivalry, became partners in engine construction, and a third partner, Cawley, brought money into the combination.

Thomas Newcomen was born at Dartmouth in February, 1663, but was descended from a Lincolnshire family. The substantial character of his work has continued the respect felt for him 200 years ago, as one who produced a valuable addition to mining machinery and made no noise about it.

BEES IN THEIR TANTRUMS STINGING-TIME

Ups and Downs of Fortune in the Hive

A TRIUMPH OF CIVILISATION

The vagaries of this summer, it seems, have caused many bees to become unusually vicious.

Not all the occupants of all the hives have been guilty, for some take the ups and downs of fortune as calmly as domesticated animals. But there are others which any check in natural food supply or any break in the weather that keeps them crowded in the hive converts into little furies.

Some clever bee-keepers are able to detect vicious insects among their stock, to single them out and kill them; but this is difficult and tragic when temper applies to the whole hive, for then the owner knows that the workers have a virago for mother, that they get their evil passions, with their gifts, from the queen.

When the Queen Bee Must Die

In such a case as that she herself must die and her place be taken by another queen of more pacific disposition. Like mother, like daughters; a vicious queen will have a spiteful progeny.

The bee-keeper provides the home and the bee's winter keep. His payment is honey and wax. If he cannot obtain his due without himself being stung and running the risk of actions for damages by other persons for stings inflicted upon themselves or their animals, then he must slay the offenders and put more peaceful servants in their place.

People react in different ways to bee stings. Some suffer very little. A doctor tells us that in his larkish boyhood, wantonly upsetting his mother's bees, he was so frequently stung that soon he became immune, and even today, after a lapse of thirty years, a bee sting causes him no more inconvenience than the prick of a pin. On the other hand, a professional bee-keeper tells us that after half a lifetime spent in the industry the sting of a bee still so thoroughly upsets him that he has forthwith to take to bed at each attack.

Masterpiece of Deception

Stings are few considering the enormous numbers of bees kept all over the world. A good hive houses many thousands of bees, of which we get five thousand on buying a pound. That we should have tamed them at all, if tamed is the word to use, or at any rate accustomed them to come and go to and from the homes we furnish to give us their wax and honey, and to exist during the winter on the substitutes we supply, is a marvellous triumph of civilisation. The taking of the honey from the hive is really a masterpiece of deception, a preying upon the natural instinct of the provident bee. A little smoke is puffed from a pair of bellows into the hive. "Here is disaster, the end of all things in the home; we must fly to a new world," think the bees.

The Promised Land

The time of exodus has come. It is with them as with the Israelites when they were to quit the bondage of Pharaoh and march forth to the Promised Land. They load themselves with spoil. They gorge themselves with honey which shall nurture them for flight afar.

In that condition they cannot sting; the bee master makes his haul without disturbance; the insects find their panic groundless, and settle down once more to find that the Promised Land is here, and that it is for them to make it flow with golden nectar.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM Industry Comes South

Since the war, with its harvest of unrest and its crop of strikes, the Industrial North of England has seemed to lose its work and its vigour. More than one public man has said that trade and industry are coming from the North to the South.

The signs of it are chiefly that London is growing bigger and more of a manufacturing town, that Southampton is taking some of the shipping of Liverpool, and that there is a growing development of the Kent coalfield.

The Industrial North of the 19th century was built on coal and iron. The coalfields and the iron ore side by side were one great asset which gave to Great Britain its commercial and manufacturing supremacy.

The Greatest Asset

They were not the greatest asset, because that was brains and the will to work. The Industrial North was built up by great men, the Stephensons, the Bessemers, the Arkwrights, and many another who might be named.

While trains and energy remain the Industrial North will not decay, though a great Industrial South, built up by energy and skill, by better roads and transport, and by the cheap transmission of power—which must some day be manufactured in the coalfields on the spot—may spring up to rival it.

Nevertheless, the time is one of change; and, as Mr. Edward Kitchen told the Estate Agents in conference at Harrogate the other day, many manufacturing and mills in the North of England are empty and silent.

The best answer in one word is Coventry, a town which in our own time has lost two industries and is now becoming rich through another.

GOOD TURNS

The Spirit That Does Not Give In

A Book for Guide Adventurers gives many interesting tales of what Guides are doing round the world.

When plague attacked a Punjab village the authorities moved the patients into a segregation camp, and infected clothes and bedding were burned. The First Clarkabad Company replaced all this clothing by stitching away in their playtime, day after day, till the pestilence was over.

The Fifth Jerusalem Company have adopted an orphan Moslem child, made her clothes, paid for her keep at a Home, and sent her letters and parcels.

The Rangers of this company provide the captives in Jerusalem prison with gifts at Christmas-time.

The First Bulemezi Company, Uganda, have thatched an old woman's house for her. And so the tale goes on. Everywhere girls are giving first-aid, helping to spread knowledge of health laws, working so as to earn money for charity, protecting animals, putting out fires, and always lending a hand with a smile.

There are games from Eastern lands in this Book for Guide Adventurers and suggestions for little plays, but to the outsider nothing is more interesting than the account of the Guides at work.

One true story from Nigeria is typical of the Guides' keenness to learn anything useful. The Guides of Yoruba wanted a travelling Englishwoman to teach them knitting, but she had no needles. However, two ribs of an umbrella were made to serve instead, and afterwards fourteen pairs of needles were made from bamboo.

A Guide does not give in, and so the Guide Movement has conquered.

A THEATRE IN A CART OLD WAYS COME BACK

Taking the Stage to the Country Folk in Italy

THESPIS

A company of dramatists and players is doing fine work in the remoter districts of Italy, bringing drama to the poor who, in the ordinary course of events, would never have an opportunity of seeing a theatre. The company travels with what is called the Cart of Thespis, and Shakespearean days and Shakespearean ways live again in a new setting with modern apparatus.

Thespis is the name of a man who may never have lived, but who, tradition says, founded Greek Tragedy. Details of his life are curiously confusing. One school presents him almost as a deity, with something of the powers of a god and his splendours. Another school sees him as a sort of sighted Homer of drama, travelling from place to place, not to sing his poems as the father of poetry did, but to give his little plays and educate the mind of ancient Greece to the ultimate production of the noblest drama the world has ever known.

John Dryden's Couplet

It was Horace, the Latin poet, who first definitely set down the story of the humble travels of Thespis, and our great John Dryden crystallised the legend into a couplet which pretentious actors do not like, for it reminds them of the lowly origin of their calling:

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sang ballads from a cart.

So, probably, did Shakespeare and his friends when they were not performing at Court, or when the London season ended, or, as frequently happened, when plague drove them from the capital.

Italy is not now for the first time having travelling drama. The stage, created in Greece, extended next to Italy in the days of Rome's mastery of the world. It gradually supplanted the most terrible of all forms of public entertainment, the shows in the arenas of Italy, Spain, and Southern France, where animals fought animals, where men were pitted against men as well as against lions, tigers, and bears, and where even women of degenerate noble families appeared in public to fight with beasts and their fellow-creatures. The stage, after all, has been a purifier from time to time.

The Nine Muses

Thespis, father of all drama, is at least mortal, whereas the presiding geniuses of other intellectual arts were supposed to be the daughters of Jupiter and Memory. They were the Muses, nine in all: Calliope, muse of epic poetry; Clio of history; Euterpe of lyric poetry; Melpomene of tragedy; Terpsichore of choral dance and song; Erato of love poetry; Polyhymnia of sacred poetry; Urania of astronomy; and Thalia of comedy.

It is not to be supposed that Burbage, Alleyn, and the rest of the company around whom Shakespeare wrote his plays, had much regard to the gods under whom they were imagined to serve. Nothing of mythical dignity attached to them. On the contrary, unless they had the licence of the king or some powerful noble to perform, the law declared that they should be arrested and whipped as sturdy rogues and vagabonds. It required great care and favour to keep the cart of Thespis safely on the road in the time of Shakespeare.

August 17, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

9

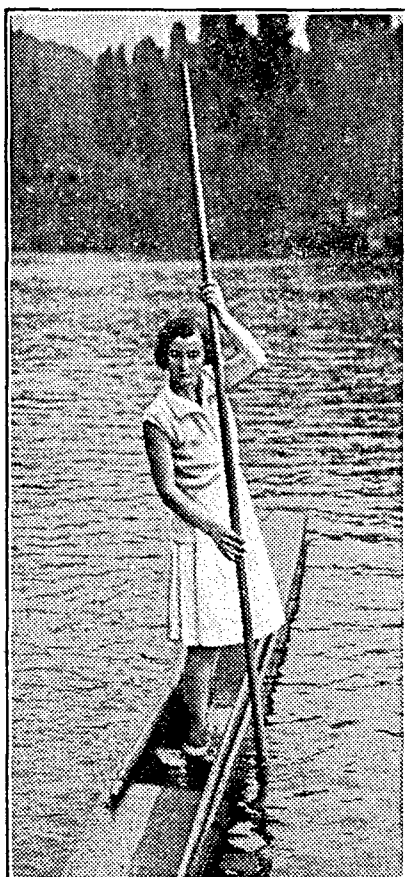
A TIN CAN RACE · DOLL AS A RAILWAY PASSENGER · AN EARLY HARVEST



A Novel Race—One of the events in the sports of a school at Didcot was a tin can race, in which the competitors had to balance tins on their heads, as shown here.



A Lesson at a Riding School—These girls, pupils of a riding school at Quarrendon, near Aylesbury, are running across a meadow with their ponies as part of their training.



Punting Championship—Here is one of the finalists in the Amateur Punting Championship for Women, held on the Thames at Shepperton.



Harvest Time—The harvest has been gathered early in some parts of the country this year owing to the long spell of hot weather. Here are two happy farm workers helping to bring in the sheaves of corn from a field on the Berkshire Downs.



A Queer Passenger—This life-sized doll was sent by train from Copenhagen to Barcelona to demonstrate the ease of railway travel.



Going Out to Tea—The chimpanzees that amuse visitors to the Zoo by having a tea-party are here seen entering the enclosure, watched by a crowd of admirers.



Seaside Joys in London—These little Londoners who have not been able to go to the seaside are making the best of the holidays by paddling in the pool in Brockwell Park.

A GREAT MAN'S LITTLE WAYS

MR. GLADSTONE'S MILLIONS

How One of the Busiest Men in
the World Saved His Time

FINE ART OF CODING

Over thirty years have gone by since the death of Mr. Gladstone, and the number of those who were intimately associated with him in friendship and politics grows smaller and smaller.

One more of the lessening circle has just passed away in Sir Charles Ernest Swann, of Birkdale in Lancashire.

One of the intimates of the Grand Old Man, he was over fifty when his leader died, and so may have left letters and memoranda of interest concerning a statesman whose name the world still reveres. It may be that these letters will be found to contain signs and symbols apt to perplex those unfamiliar with Mr. Gladstone's code.

The Long-Tailed M

Mr. Gladstone was one of the most modest of men. It was characteristic of him to declare that he had only one great quality, and that was to sleep at any time at will. His one vanity was to claim with laughing solemnity that posterity would assuredly be grateful to him for one invention.

He himself, with his own right hand, had devised a means of quickly and easily writing *millions*!

From Roman times the letter M has been the symbol for thousands; how were millions to be as simply and effectively expressed? Gladstone found a way. He increased the tail of the M, continued the curl so that it twiddled up over the back of the letter, and that, to those who were familiar with his cipher, stood for a million.

No man of his era ever had to do more with millions than he, for he was an incomparable Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he was therefore able to give currency to this useful bit of shorthand—50 and the long-tailed M meaning fifty millions.

Tiring Formalities Reduced

As an exceptionally busy man he had to husband time as some men husband wealth; and in many little ways, as in this millions symbol of which he was so proud, he really did reduce tiring formalities to a fine art in economy. For example, with regard to entertaining, which he had to do on a lavish scale, he had the neatest imaginable code. Having knocked six ciphers out of his million he dispensed with whole sentences in his entertainment diary.

Taking a list of names he put a little stroke like this — against the name of each person invited. When replies were received he would take the acceptances and draw a downward stroke through the first, making a cross. Should the person invited be unable to accept he would simply draw a parallel stroke beneath the first, like the equal sign =.

It might happen, however, that Mr. Brown, let us say, having first accepted, would later find himself unable to attend. Against his name Gladstone had already set his little cross of acceptance. He would now turn up his diary and surround the little cross of acceptance with a tiny ring, signifying belated refusal!

Of such were the little innocent vanities of a great man.

A WONDER OF OUR TIME

The automatic gramophone which will play and change twenty records without being touched is made up of about six hundred parts.

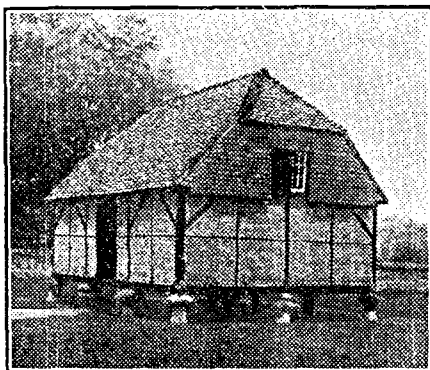
THE MUSHROOM HOUSE

The Kitchen That Missed the Fire

Miss Rose Fyleman, who came upon this queer little house as she was motoring in Sussex, sends us this note about a place which is as fairylike as her delightful fairy tales.

It was close to the great Cowdray ruins, near Midhurst, in Sussex, that I saw the little house on mushrooms.

Cowdray ruins are very beautiful. Once a big, lovely manor house stood where now are only broken walls. Gay lords and ladies lived there. The great rooms were hung with splendid pictures and tapestries; there were grand banquets and fine parties, and the great Queen Elizabeth herself stayed there and



The Mushroom House

no doubt looked out of her window over the beautiful Sussex woods and hills.

Then there came a great fire and burned the whole place down. Only the outer walls are now left standing. Those, and the kitchen. It seems odd (does it not?) that the kitchen, where there was always a fire burning, should not have been burned too.

But the little mushroom house is outside the walls of Cowdray. It stands by itself, and I was told that it is an old granary or barn, and was built up on its quaint mushrooms in order to keep it clear of the ground and so away from rats and mice; just as they build bungalows nowadays on little piles of bricks.

AN X-RAY SOLDIER

Hero Faced With Poverty

To the pathetic roll of those who handled the X-rays when too little was known of them, and suffered life-long injury in consequence, another name has to be added. It is that of Mr. Alfred Smith, of Louth.

What makes the addition of his name to the roll especially sad is that to the injury inflicted on him must be added poverty and the approach of old age.

He has lost a leg from the disease, his hands and arms are so crippled and painful that he can scarcely use them, and his eyesight is failing. All that he has on which to support his shattered health, and a wife, is the 35s. a week granted to him as a pension from the Carnegie Hero Fund five years ago.

A hero he is, as all the thirteen X-ray pioneers who have died were. Mr. Smith's record of work is long.

He began work as an X-ray operator in several London hospitals in 1897. In 1906 he was appointed radiographer at Coventry General Hospital, and it was after seven years' work there that the disease, for which there is no cure, began to show itself.

He is a hero who has been through 17 operations, and his right leg was amputated on Armistice Day.

Can the country do nothing for this soldier "broke" in the noblest of all our wars, the war against disease?

A WORD FOR PIGS

The Glare of the Summer Sun

By Our Natural Historian

A kindly voice has been lifted up on behalf of British pigs.

A good friend of animals is appealing to stock owners who exhibit, or even who keep their pigs at home, not to let the poor animals lie in their pens on the show grounds or in unprotected styes, exposed to the glare of the summer Sun, half roasted and waterless.

Such a caution should be unnecessary in a land where such care and forethought mark the common attitude to animals in general and to show animals in particular. It is often forgotten that animals shun as far as possible the fierce rays of the Sun.

The Pig's Wild Relatives

In our home pastures we see cows and horses either sheltering under trees or standing almost up to their necks in water when the Sun is on high. Pigs wallow in mud in order that they may be cool, and are unhappy and apt to lose condition unless they have this or some better protection. It is terrible to pen them defenceless against the Sun.

All the pig's wild relatives seek like sanctuary when the Sun is up and its heat intense. Animals which we should suppose would be better protected by the nature of their make-up are just as fearful of noonday heat; even the tiger and the leopard hide, and with good reason. One tiger which was hunted out by day in India was found, when killed, to have had the pads of its feet entirely burned off by the rocks over which it had sought freedom.

Choosing Pigs by Colour

Owing to their scanty covering of hair pigs are peculiarly sensitive to heat. They actually blister and scald in strong sunlight. For that reason farmers who come from hot lands to purchase stock in England choose pigs by colour as carefully as a cotton-planter in the Southern States of America used to choose Negroes in preference to white men for work in his scorching fields. The reason is much the same. Black pigment in the skin of a Negro is his gift from Nature, a sure shield against the worst effects of the Sun.

Similar protection is evidently forthcoming from the colour scheme of our dark-hued pigs. If a man is choosing pigs for the Tropics from English herds he takes Berkshires. They are the Negroes of our pigs, black of skin and black of hair, and they withstand the effects of the heat as successfully as any black man. They can thrive where fine white pigs would practically frizzle alive.

E. A. B.

TAKE-YOUR-TICKET ROBOT

One of the problems of the day, how to get a 3d. ticket out of the automatic machine without finding three separate pennies to drop in the slot, has been solved at St. James's Park Station. The new machine will take six halfpennies.

It will also take one penny and four halfpennies, or any other combination of pence and halfpence which makes up the requisite sum. It is not too particular. It is your money it wants.

There is no need to find the slot. The prospective passenger merely drops his coins in a bunch into the open door.

This open door, or mouth, is called therefore a bunch hopper. Open-mouthed as this machine is for the money, it is not so greedy that it will swallow anything. A bent coin is rejected. The passenger can get it back by pressing a button and trying again.

Other machines for larger amounts are to follow. There will soon be no need for ticket clerks.

FRYING-PANS

THE COLONEL AND THE COOK

What Will He Do With Our
Omelettes and Pancakes?

A WORD FOR A FRIEND

During the South African war Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary received from a certain intemperate South African mayor who had come to high words with Major Thorold, the acting military commander, the following startling telegram:

Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

As angry a fever surges in the kitchen of many C.N. homes, where cooks are furiously asking Who is Lelean?

The answer is that Lelean is Colonel P. S. Lelean, Professor of Public Health in Edinburgh University. He has endangered himself with British cooks by making impolite remarks about one of the most treasured of their utensils, the indispensable frying-pan!

Romance and Digestion

The professor has just declared to a scientific audience that the frying-pan bakes and dries up food, makes it hard and indigestible, and is one of the causes of decayed teeth. Romance and digestion, says this daring man, are ruined by the frying-pan.

So the cooks ask who he is and what he knows of the honest cook's art. Did Scott and Burns write worse poetry and romance for their dishes of fried bacon and eggs, to say nothing of that crowning luxury of the breakfast table fried bread?

It may not come to a general rising of cooks, a manifesto and a march on Edinburgh, but the professor had better travel disguised and under another name if he visits certain English households while the memory of his audacious assault on their methods is fresh in mind.

Some Leading Questions

One C.N. cook, whose temperature has risen to frying-pan intensity over the matter, outlined a list of foods which she challenges Professor Lelean to prepare for table satisfactorily in any other way than by the frying-pan.

How will he cook his pancakes and rissoles, his omelettes, and the onions which grace the steak that he permits to dribble its gravy through a grill on to the fire instead of preserving it in the faithful frying-pan.

How but in a frying-pan will he cook fried sole, filleted plaice, whitebait, and other fish which come brown and juicy to fragrant glory in a pan poised above exactly the right degree of flame on the gas stove? And that prime gift of the New World to the Old, the potato, which of itself served to justify the trials and perils of Columbus, how shall that reach the table chipped and fried if frying-pans are abolished?

Cooks are stern, unbending people; perhaps the gallant professor would have done better not thus dangerously to have indicted them. At any rate frying-pans are being burnished brighter than ever in at least one C.N. home, and the cook's hands tighten with unusual vigour upon the rolling pin.

THE ANCIENT CROSS AT WALTHAM

A C.N. correspondent passing through Waltham the other day noted with great appreciation the interesting description of the cross set up by the authorities. But why is the Notice Board placed behind the railings where it is extremely difficult to read?

STARS THAT ECLIPSE ONE ANOTHER

EGG-SHAPED SUNS
Seeing Something That
Happened 233 Years Ago

BETA IN LYRA

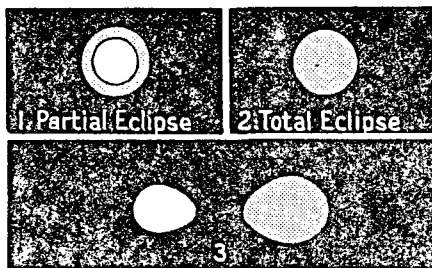
By the C.N. Astronomer

Not far from overhead these evenings, and a little below the brilliant Vega, are two moderately bright stars barely three times the Moon's width apart.

These stars are Beta and Gamma in Lyra. They are shown in the star map of Lyra in the C.N. for July 20.

Beta in Lyra is of very great interest because its brilliance changes from day to day with the regularity of a clock, and this can be easily observed with the aid of Gamma and Zeta in Lyra as standards of brightness.

On one day in twelve Beta will appear to be of the same brilliance as Gamma; then during the next three days it will gradually decline to nearly fourth magnitude, and be slightly fainter than Zeta. Then it will begin to get brighter, and in



How the suns of Beta in Lyra eclipse one another

three days will regain its former brilliance, only to start declining again.

But this time it declines much more rapidly, and in three days becomes much fainter than Zeta, dropping to four and a-half magnitude, and now appearing quite dim beside Gamma.

It soon begins to brighten again, and in another three days is at its full brilliance, rivaling Gamma. Then it starts the fluctuations all over again, exactly as before, the entire cycle of light changes occupying 12 days, 21 hours, 46 minutes, during which it drops from 3.4 magnitude, first to 3.9 magnitude and then to 4.5 magnitude.

Now, this fluctuation is found to be due to two causes. Beta is composed of two suns, the smaller and brighter of the two revolving round the larger at such an angle that, as seen from the Earth, it alternately partially eclipses the larger one and then is entirely eclipsed itself. So we have here an alternating succession of partial and total eclipses, the picture showing the position of the suns in each case.

Enormous Tides

But the variations of the light are gradual, and this is accounted for by the fact that, the two suns being very close together, each raises in the other an enormous tide that quite alters their shape as they are in a gaseous and molten condition. Consequently, instead of being almost circular, they are egg-shaped, a feature that is accentuated by the immense speed at which they revolve.

So when one is eclipsing the other these solar "eggs" are seen end on, as it were, and they are presented to us as shown in Figures 1 and 2 in the picture. Then, as they revolve away from these positions, they begin to present themselves sideways; ultimately they are as shown in picture 3, when they radiate much more light and we observe the alternating maxima.

When we observe Beta in Lyra at its maxima or minima it is interesting to note that the particular eclipse under observation took place somewhere about 233 years ago and that Beta's light has been all that time reaching us.

This gives us some idea of the immense distance of Beta's suns, which must be at least 14,800,000 times as far away as our Sun.

G. F. M.

JIMMY LOSES HIS TEMPER

A Zoo Favourite
Disgraces Himself

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Never again will young Zoo visitors be able to enjoy a game with Jimmy, the largest of the performing chimpanzees, for the ape has disgraced himself. While entertaining a small admirer the animal suddenly grew irritable, and without giving any warning of his intention he scratched the child's face. So Jimmy can no longer be regarded as a reliable Zoo pet.

Many of the Zoo's pets are tame simply because they are young and their friendship may be less durable than that of the older animals who allow the public to stroke them. Making friends with an old animal is often a slow and difficult business, but once his affection and trust have been gained he rarely changes his mind, whereas a young creature frequently becomes erratic when he begins to grow up.

Without Warning

Fortunately it is possible to estimate the age at which the nature of an animal is likely to change. The animal himself often gives warning of the impending change by becoming less confiding and docile; but Jimmy gave no such indication. Though he is now about seven or eight years old he had always been good-tempered toward his visitors, and therefore, although this is the critical time for chimpanzees, it was thought he was going to remain tame.

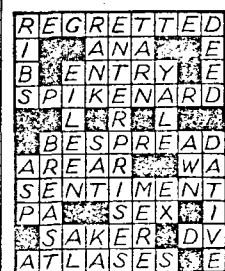
However, Jimmy seems to have had other ideas, and now, having indulged in one fit of rage, he often gives visitors unpleasant glances, and looks as if he would like to claw a few more human faces. He remains docile and obedient with his keepers, and so is still allowed to perform at the chimpanzee tea-party.

But as spiteful apes can spoil the tempers of their companions, just as naughty children can upset the manners of their playmates, Jimmy is no longer allowed to live with the other performing chimpanzees, Booboo and Peggie, and teach them his bad ways.

THE C.N. PICTURE CROSS WORD

Here is the solution of the picture cross word puzzle in last week's C.N. The objects illustrated were:

1. Radiometer. 2. Eagle. 3. Gabion. 4. Rosette.
5. Ewer. 6. Tallboy. 7. Tilefish. 8. Emu.
9. Dial. 10. Iguana. 11. Affronté. 12. Noddy.
13. Acorn. 14. Earwig. 15. Bargeboard.
16. Eskimo. 17. Nautilus. 18. Tazza. 19. Robin. 20. Yucca. 21. Exerpes. 22. Schnapper.
23. Parachute. 24. Ibex. 25. Kaka. 26. Encrinure. 27. Nepenthes. 28. Abacus.
29. Ratel. 30. Dolmen. 31. Lancet. 32. Reed. 33. Loach. 34. Bandicoot. 35. Equisetum. 36. Sailfish.
37. Phenakistoscope. 38. Redstart. 39. Escapement. 40. Anlace. 41. Dag. 42. Anemone. 43. Rhyton. 44. Elephant. 45. Acanthus. 46. Ruff. 47. Wimple. 48. Abalone. 49. Samisen.
50. Egret. 51. Narghile. 52. Tabard. 53. Iconometer. 54. Manatee. 55. Elecampane. 56. Newel. 57. Titmouse. 58. Phylactery. 59. Ailette. 60. Saxhorn. 61. Electrophorus. 62. Xebec. 63. Ichneumon. 64. Sombbrero. 65. Addax. 66. Kimono. 67. Escutcheon. 68. Radiograph. 69. Dhole. 70. Viaduct. 71. Addorsed. 72. Tackle. 73. Lacewing. 74. Ampulla. 75. Scarab. 76. Entellus. 77. Sawhorse. 78. Ermine.



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The abbreviations used are W.A. for Western Australia; D.V. for Deo volente (God willing); Al, the symbol for aluminium; and K.A. for Knight of St. Andrew.

ART FOR ALL FREE

Italy Does a Proud Thing

One of the greatest blows in the history of Italian travel has been struck on behalf of the poor tourist. He is not to pay to see the pictures.

At a Cabinet Council held in Rome the Government has decided to suppress the entrance fees to galleries, museums, historical monuments, and archaeological excavations all over Italy!

It seems too good to be true, although Kew has just set the example by abolishing its Penny Fee! Only the other day a friend of the C.N. complained to us that he had had to pay 12 lira a head for himself and his family of four to see the Colosseum at Rome. There was another fee for the Forum. The spirit of antiquity was, he thought, very dear at the price.

A Magnificent Gesture

Then there were the picture galleries. At Florence alone there was a fee for the Uffizi and the Pitti art galleries, another fee to see Fra Angelico's frescoes at San Marco, another to see the Botticelli masterpieces, another still for the Peruginis, and yet another for the Michael Angelos. There were others yet to pay to see, and prudent tourists often took cabs on a Sunday morning to drive all round Florence to see the treasures of art because on that one day they were free.

Now it is all to be abolished. It is a magnificent gesture. The halls of tourist agencies will resound with song, the chant of the poor tourist. It will also be good for Italy. Everyone will want to go there now that there is a prospect of seeing something for nothing.

Mussolini is a great salesman, and we have no doubt that he will find that, in addition to being a magnificent gesture, this is good business. The cathedrals have found it so. Those that are open free make more money from voluntary offerings than they ever made from fees.

A TREASURE TO STAY WITH US

The Luttrell Psalter is to remain in the British Museum after all.

It had recently been inherited by Mrs. Alfred Noyes, wife of the poet, who has sold it privately to the British Museum for 30,000 guineas, a much smaller figure than it would have fetched if it had been sold by auction.

The money has been lent to the Museum authorities anonymously and free of interest for a year.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Several schools of seals have been seen along the Devon and Cornwall coasts.

The Chief Scout's Trumpet

The Norway Scouts brought to the Jamboree as a present to the Chief Scout a trumpet which belonged to the old Vikings centuries ago.

Municipal Airports

Nottingham is the second city in the country to receive a licence as a municipal airport.

The Penalty of Litter

Plym Bridge, a popular Plymouth resort, is to be closed to the public because of damage and litter.

Brighter Churches

Every old tomb once had shields on it. Why are not these old tombs repainted? It would enliven our desolate, cold-looking churches to see the bright colours renewed once again.

Flying for Over Seventeen Days

Two American airmen, Mr. Dale Jackson and Mr. Forest Obrine, have made a non-stop flight of 420 hours, 21½ minutes, fuel and food being taken on board their aeroplane while in flight.

The Litter Louts of Lincolnshire

Horncastle Council in Lincolnshire is to adopt a by-law to check the thoughtlessness of the charabanc trippers who leave litter behind them, especially on Sundays.

FLYING FIREMEN

WATCHING OVER THE FORESTS

Looking Down for the First
Wisp of Thin Smoke

DEFENCE FLEET IN THE CLOUDS

Boys have always been interested in firemen, and now the firemen of Northern Ontario have taken to the air the work has an added appeal to them.

For many years the forests of Canada have been protected to some extent through the dry summer season by fire rangers. This was a job much coveted by young university students whose summer holidays could be spent pleasantly and profitably in this way. Through the northern forests there were many small camps from which young men would go on foot, or by canoe, to patrol a certain section and watch for the fires which start, perhaps from a spark from a train, a camp fire, a tourist's cigarette, and destroy thousands of acres of timber before rain would come to quench it. One tree will make a million matches, but it only takes one match to burn a million trees.

Flyng-Boat Patrols Called In

About six years ago the Government stepped in. Aeroplanes were called into action to patrol the forests.

The mother ship of the fleet is a big-cabined D3 Havilland. Of the twenty-one other machines nine are two-seater Moth planes and are used for observation purposes. The twenty-two machines are all flying-boats, as they have to use the numerous small lakes for landing-places.

Now, instead of untrained men patrolling the forests by means of canoes and look-out towers, the planes of the forestry service are manned by trained foresters, who patrol the 400,000 square miles of national wealth. The area is divided into districts, each plane having its own beat.

The fire hazard is greatest from May until October; during this time the planes are busy, watching from on high for the first thin wisp of smoke and then swooping down to investigate.

Winged Policemen

Settlers are not allowed to burn their brush piles without a permit, and to those who break the law the flying firemen are indeed winged policemen. One man complained that he could not step outside to light his pipe without one of these vigilant planes coming to see what he was doing.

All summer long the planes soar over this empire of trees like watchful birds, and at the first sign of danger they hasten away to give the alarm. So well organised is the area that they are never more than three flying hours away from a radio or telegraph. Here the pilot lands, and wires the news to the district forester.

The district forester knows how best to send men and equipment to the scene of the fire. Perhaps it can be reached by motor-boat, perhaps on foot along forest trails made for the purpose, perhaps by a speeder on the railway line, perhaps only by aircraft.

Doctors and Nurses

They take pumps and hose to pump the lake water, often thousands of feet, upon the burning trees. They take tents, provisions, and, when needed, doctors and nurses.

Already this summer there have been three fires of tremendous proportions which have destroyed an appalling amount of timber, and would have done damage infinitely greater if it had not been for the untiring work of the air force.

Surely in this branch of flying lies the true romance of aviation, for here we see the invention of the present being used to preserve the trees of the past for the use of the future.

THE SHINING FIGURE CHRIST ON THE ENGLISH ROAD

The Central Influence in the
Life of Our Islands

WHY WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

The Christ of the English Road. By Two
Wayfarers. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

This very notable little book makes
a claim which appears to us to be,
however original and remarkable,
founded in the solid rock of Truth.

The claim is that the Life of Christ
has been the central influence in the
history of our Motherland and that
without it the English-speaking race
could not have been what it is.

What Has Made Us?

To us who love these Islands, who
think of all that they have meant to the
teeming millions of mankind, it must
seem a wonderful and solemn thing that
we are what we are. What is it that
has made us? What is it that has
shaped these peaks of land rising from
the sea and made them what they are,
the Cradle and the Mother of Liberty,
the mightiest single influence in the
civilisation of the world?

It has been put in two noble lines by
one of the great poets of our time:

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are.

The mind goes out, as we read William
Watson's majestic lines, far into the
mysterious Universe. Some fostering
star indeed has made us what we are.
Something beyond all understanding has
shaped our destinies.

The Envy of All Other Lands

It is not the natural glory of our
Motherland, her pride of place and time,
her thousand years of history and her
generations of prosperity, that have made
our Island Home the envy of all other
lands. It is something more than that.
It is not a vain conceit that the English-
man has of his race. It is a pride in
something that he knows is true, some-
thing almost too great for words. He
knows that, he who will sit down and
be still, and look down the long English
Road by which we have come, will see
a Shining Figure there, the haunting
Figure that for nineteen hundred years
has come the road our race has come.

It is the Christ of the English Road.
It is the Light of the World, the Shining
Guide of our own Island.

The idea of this book is that it is
He who has made us; that for nineteen
hundred years one influence only has
been working in these Islands all the
time; that no other influence can be
compared with it; that it has been
weaving itself into the warp and woof
of our English character.

The Good News From Galilee

We believe that since the days of
Rome, when the good news came from
Galilee to England, the influence of this
gracious Life has never failed us for one
single hour. Other influences are for a
while. Men come and go. But through
these nineteen hundred years this Shining
Figure has cast its radiance on the
English Road, the unfailing Guide of all
our days, the ceaseless Influence through
all our history.

Will it not do us good, in these dark
days of the world, to look down the
road we have come and see this Shining
Figure there?

We can do it in this book, one of the
most welcome volumes we have seen for
many a day, fresh and bright and full
of good hope, a book for every C.N.
home and every C.N. heart, for it is of
the very stuff of which this paper has
always been made.

How to Spend a Fortune THE WAY TWO MEN HAVE DONE IT

The Good Work Being Carried On by
the Rockefeller and Carnegie Millions

MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER AND HAPPIER PLACE

The richest man in the world, Mr.
John D. Rockefeller, has just passed
his goth birthday. He spends his days
in playing a little golf and in thinking
of new ways to give away his money.

One of the ways is through the
Rockefeller Foundation, which he en-
dowed 16 years ago to fight unceasing
war against disease. Is a new hospital
with a medical school for research or
for training doctors wanted anywhere
from London to Peking? Application is
made to the Rockefeller Foundation,
and never in vain.

Far West and Far East

Some believe that charity begins at
home, and that China is such a long way
off that it can wait its turn. Not so the
Rockefeller Foundation, which since
1913 has spent more than £6,000,000 in
medical colleges, in aid to hospitals,
and on the training of doctors in China.

Other countries are not forgotten.
Nearly another £6,000,000 was spent in
them, in every country—from England,
Belgium, and France, through Canada
and the United States to Hong Kong,
Melbourne, and Singapore—in setting up
schools for medical education. When
some of these countries were at their
worst, during the war, over £4,000,000
was offered up by the Rockefeller
Foundation for the aid of the wounded,
the sick, and the starving. In 16 years
the Foundation has spent £30,000,000
in trying to banish disease and sickness
and suffering from the whole world,
without regard to nationality.

Schools for Nurses

It has its generous and benevolent
eye on everything that can help, from
child-welfare to campaigns against the
mosquito that spreads malaria. The
wise doctors who control and administer
its gifts know the immeasurable import-
ance of good nursing in sickness or ill-
health. They spend money, therefore,
on setting up or aiding schools for
training nurses. Fifteen schools in ten
countries were helped last year.

The same men recognise to the full the
importance of improving the health of
nations as a whole. The Rockefeller
League of Nations enjoying the Fund's
help numbered 23 last year, without
counting the United States. The open
hand of its generosity is stretched out
to the whole world. Toronto, London,
Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, Belgrade,
Zagreb, Sao Paulo, Brazil, all have
Rockefeller-supported Institutes of
Public Health.

Help for Research Work

If any scientific man or body of men
wants to undertake expensive researches
into the causes of disease their thoughts
lead first to the Rockefeller Foundation,
and never in vain. The principal
investigations have been in malaria,
tuberculosis, hookworm disease, and
yellow fever—which has been driven
from Mexico, Central America, and
northern South America. Its last
refuges are in Brazil and West Africa.
It was in West Africa that Dr. Noguchi,
sent out under the auspices of the
Foundation to study yellow fever, met
his death.

The motto inscribed on the banners
of the Foundation is "Prevention is
Better than Cure." Last year it provided
Fellowships for 800 men and women
from 46 different countries, who are
inquiring into the causes of disease so
as better to prevent it. At the same time
60 doctors and professors and 127
nurses were sent to various countries

to study the conditions and the way the
work is being done. Long and far were
the journeys of some of them, for there
are medical schools coming under the
survey in Beirut, in Haiti, in Syria, in
Siam, in Suva, Fiji.

The good that men of charity and
goodwill do lives long after them,
notwithstanding what Mark Antony
said in his famous funeral oration over
Julius Caesar.

The United Kingdom still has reason
to remember and praise the name of
Andrew Carnegie, who left a great part
of his fortune to the establishment, the
maintenance, and the expansion of
public libraries for the people of Great
Britain and Ireland.

In his will Mr. Carnegie laid down the
wise, far-sighted instruction that the
trustees appointed to spend the Fund
he left should apply it to the wellbeing
of the masses of the people of Britain
and Ireland, but that they should
remember that new ways would arise
for securing this from time to time,
because new needs would arise constantly
as the masses advance.

Buying Books

Consequently, in addition to the
libraries and to the aid of existing
libraries of every kind by furnishing
money for buying books, other aims
are kept before the Carnegie Trust.

There is, for example, the life of the
country village. The Trust helps the
Rural Community Councils which en-
courage village halls, young farmers
clubs, and village baths. Thirteen
counties were helped last year by grants
amounting to over £5000. The work
includes young people's clubs and
organisations. It encourages nursing
and health-planning.

In regard to music and the drama the
Fund makes grants to festivals; it
publishes fine old English music; it
has made grants to the Old Vic and to
Sadler's Wells.

Friend of Millions of Children

East End hostels, infant and child
welfare, children's arts and crafts,
infants' play centres—on all fall the
beneficent rain of the Carnegie grants;
and the playing fields are receiving it
in abundant measure.

Playing field grants have been made
out of Andrew Carnegie's fortune to
more than 120 places in England,
Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Millions
of boys and girls, when they go out to
play, will have cause to remember the
fine old Scotsman Andrew Carnegie,
whose last thought was that the genera-
tions of children to come should receive
a better education and live in happier
and healthier surroundings than he
knew as a boy.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid
in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Tintoretto . . .	£8000
Portrait by Nathaniel Hone . . .	£2940
A drawing by Blake . . .	£1942
A Persian carpet . . .	£1680
1st ed. Boswell's Johnson . . .	£1220
Pair Charles II fire dogs . . .	£960
A letter by Washington . . .	£920
A Queen Anne silver salver . . .	£704
An old oak drawer table . . .	£500
Pair Spanish candlesticks . . .	£250
A letter by Lincoln . . .	£220
A small oval tea tray . . .	£108
A letter by Boswell . . .	£100
A letter by Johnson . . .	£89

THE EMBROIDERED TUNIC

And the Lady Who
Wore It

A GOOD PICTURE STAYS AT HOME

When so many pictures go wandering
it is good to hear of one staying at home.
This is a portrait of Mrs. Francis Layton
by Marcus Gheeraerts (or Garrard) which,
after some adventures at Christie's,
has passed into the hands of an English
collector.

Gheeraerts was the son of a painter
of religious pictures and animal pictures
who, in 1568, with his wife and little son
fled from Bruges to England, a victim
of the religious persecutions of the Low
Countries. The family settled happily
in their adopted land, and the boy grew
up to be a painter like his father. When
old Marcus died, 80 years old, in 1590,
he had the pride of knowing that his son
was in favour with Elizabeth.

The younger Gheeraerts lived to be a
Court painter both to Elizabeth and
James. He died in 1635. He was not a
painter of the first rank, but he did good,
honest work which deserves to be re-
membered. Much of it, unhappily, has
disappeared. One picture, this portrait of
Mrs. Layton, spoken of as Gheeraerts's
masterpiece, has survived.

A Family Heirloom

The lady was wearing, of course, her
best embroidered tunic and laces, and
she was proud of the picture when it was
done. She left the tunic for her family.
Those were the days when a best gown
was handed down and proudly worn.
One day one of Mrs. Layton's descend-
ants decided that it should be kept, as
the picture was being kept, because it
was so delightful to exhibit the two
together.

Generation after generation, for three
hundred years, the picture and the
embroidered tunic were kept in the
family. So that now the picture is a
treasure of portrait painting in bygone
days, and the tunic is a rare example of
lovely English embroidery. They were
shown side by side at Lansdowne House
not long ago.

And now they are to stay in England,
for which grace we are thankful.

AN OLD ENGLISH TRAGEDY

The London University students
digging on Dunstable Downs have this
summer turned back the pages of Time
to the day when a lady was buried with
great ceremony in the Bronze Age.

They also chanced upon a more tragic
burial, belonging perhaps to Saxon
times. A few inches below the surface
two men had been buried hurriedly and
carelessly, one with his hands tied behind
him, and one with a great axe or sword
cut in his skull.

For the students who laid bare that
ancient tragedy there will ever be a
special meaning in Wordsworth's haun-
ting lines about

old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago.

THE ALARM CLOCK SPEAKS

A few days ago a Paris thief who had
purloined a number of things from a
house in the Batignolles district was
stealthily descending the back staircase
with a bulky packet, anxious to get
away as quickly as possible, when to his
consternation an alarm clock he had
appropriated set up a horrible noise.

Frightened nearly out of his wits he
bounded down the few remaining flights
and flew as fast as his legs would carry
him out into the street, followed by the
concierge. His flight, however, was
short, for by the time his breathless
pursuer had covered a hundred yards or
so the thief was safely in the clutches of
a policeman.

THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 15 The Grizzly's Home

IN spite of his firm words Clive was uneasy, for what Bruce had said was true, and so far as he knew there was no creature in these Northern forests capable of tackling a grizzly bear. But he and Bruce were equally keen to reach the heart of the mystery, and they went on cautiously through the birch trees.

The bear vanished over the top of the hill, and there was nothing left in sight.

The boys went on and on, but nothing happened, and at last Bruce pulled up. "You'd better have let me plug the old bear," he said. "Now we've lost him and the deer too."

Clive was not listening; he was examining the ground. "Look at this," he said eagerly, and pointed to a new track which crossed the trail of the bear. Bruce looked amazed.

"We're on the trail of giants, old chap," he said. "That's the biggest deer track I ever set eyes on."

"It's not a deer, Bruce. At least, it's only a sort of one. It's a moose."

"I know," declared Bruce, "a whacking great beast as big as a horse, with huge, solid-looking antlers. I say, is that what fought the bear?"

Clive smiled. "The moose is about the shyest thing in the woods, and one of the quickest. I don't suppose a bear would ever get within a mile of one."

"Then what was it tackled that bear?"

"Haven't a notion," said Clive. "But I vote we tackle this moose. Bleak says it makes wonderful venison."

Bruce agreed, and they started on this new trail, which led them over some very rough ground, but the great splayed footmarks were easy to follow, and they pushed on rapidly. Presently Bruce stopped, and pointed to two trees set close together. They were cedars, and their trunks were scarred in the oddest fashion.

"What on earth did that?" he asked. Clive examined the trees. "It looks as if it were the moose," he said in a puzzled tone, "for here are the creature's tracks between the trees."

"Getting the velvet off its antlers perhaps?" suggested Bruce.

"I don't know what it was doing," Clive said, "but come on; we want to catch up with the thing."

The tracks led them to the edge of a deep, narrow valley, a sort of gorge, with steep, shingly sides and a thick growth of brushwood at the bottom. The trail went right over the edge of this, and the boys paused uncertainly.

"Queer-looking place," observed Bruce. "I wouldn't have thought a big beast like a moose could get down it."

"But he has," replied Clive, "for there are his tracks."

"I can't see him," said Bruce.

"That brush is higher than it looks, and anyway I expect he's lying down," Clive answered.

"It's a spooky-looking place," said Bruce slowly, and Clive looked at his cousin in surprise, for Bruce was not given to caution, but generally rushed in ahead of everybody else.

"Yes, it is a queer-looking show," he agreed, "but we can get down easily enough, and we want that moose badly."

"Right," said Bruce, and without further delay started down the side. A bunch of spruce scrub helped them on their way, but below it the slope was bare, and the moment they let go of the shrubs the loose shale gave beneath their feet and they began to slide. It was out of the question to stop, and down they went, half-buried in an avalanche of small stones and sand. They reached the bottom together with a bump that knocked the wind out of them, so that they lay sprawling and panting for breath.

Bruce scrambled to his feet. "Ugh! I'm nearly choked," he panted.

"And I'm scratched all over," added Clive ruefully. "And we've made such a racket we must have scared every living thing out of the place."

"I don't see how they can get out," returned Bruce as he gazed round at the high banks which hemmed them in, "or how we shall get out either."

"Oh, we'll find a way," said Clive. "There must be an easy way out or the moose wouldn't have gone in. I wonder where the creature is."

They could see the lower end of the gorge, which was a wall of sheer rock, but to the South the ravine took a curve so that the other end was invisible. "We'd better spread out and walk up it," Clive suggested. "Then if the moose is here still one of us will have a chance to bag it."

Bruce nodded, and pushed his way through the thick brush to the far side of the ravine, leaving Clive alone. Clive gave him a few minutes, and had just started when a loud snort from somewhere round the bend made him pause. The sound was like an escape of steam, and for the life of him Clive could not think what had caused it. But he meant to find out, and began hurrying forward.

Keeping close under the wall of the ravine he went round the bend, and found himself on the edge of the bushes. Beyond was an open space running right up to the head of the ravine, and at the top of the ravine opened the narrow mouth of a cave, behind which the rock rose steeply.

But these things Clive hardly noticed, for two great beasts occupied the bare space. One was his former acquaintance, the ponderous grizzly bear, which was standing near the mouth of the cave, the other an enormous bull moose.

Now, a moose, as Clive had told Bruce, is one of the shyest of woodland creatures, so the fact that this one was actually facing the bear was most astonishing and startling. But a second glance showed that something was wrong with the huge creature. Its dark eyes rolled red in their sockets, while its head swayed from side to side. "Why, why," gasped Clive, "the moose is mad!"

CHAPTER 16 A Battle of Beasts

AND it was. Not the shadow of a doubt about it, and therefore deprived of nearly all its natural instincts, including that of fear, and very dangerous. But Clive was so intensely interested that he never thought of danger.

He realised at once that the bear and the moose had met already, and that this was the secret of the bear's injury. The grizzly may be king of the wilds, but every wild thing, even a tiger, is afraid of madness, and Clive wondered greatly how the bear had summoned courage to meet this terror for a second time. And then he saw. Below the cave was the body of a small buck, which the bear had evidently killed and on which it had been feasting. But the carcass was smashed to pulp, and it was easy to see that this had been done by the sharp hoofs of the moose. One thing no flesh-eating animal will put up with is interference with its prey, and the great grizzly had come out of his lair to do battle with the despoiler of his cache.

Clive might have shot the moose without the slightest risk or trouble, but this idea never occurred to him. He simply stood and waited breathlessly for what was to happen. He had not long to wait. The moose stamped, and as if accepting this challenge the bear leaped.

Clive expected the moose to receive the bear on its antlers; instead it rose and struck out with its forelegs. The broad hoofs, keen as knives, beat back the bear, and a streak of crimson showed on his shaggy shoulder, but he struck back, and his mighty paw, armed with claws three inches long and sharp as steel chisels, tore into the chest of the moose. Snorting shrilly, the moose plunged away; then with a tremendous sideways sweep caught the bear in the ribs with its antlers and sent him sprawling many feet away.

In his excitement Clive sprang forward. It was a foolish thing to do, for the mad moose saw him and, like a flash, charged at him.

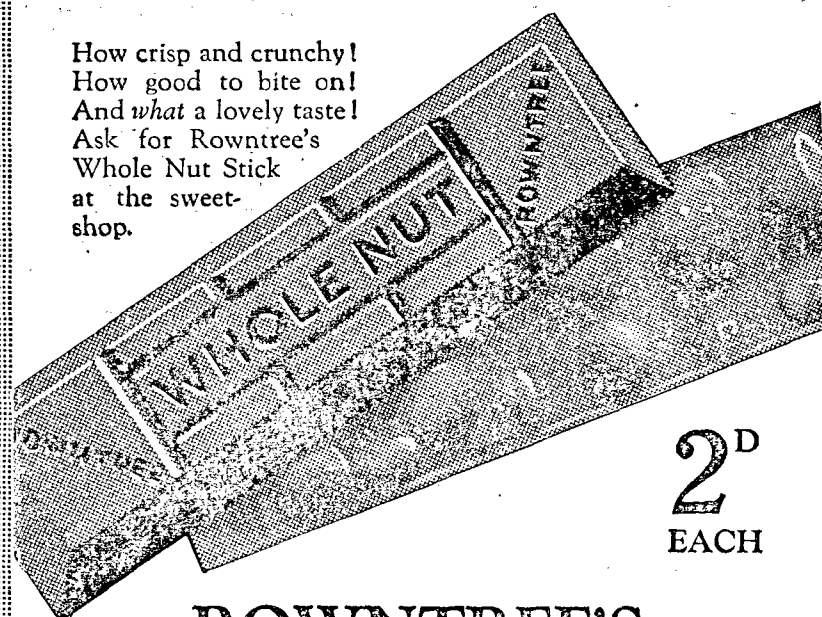
Clive loosed off his rifle, but in his flurry missed the moose completely, and, as there was no time to reload, turned and fled to the cover of a rock which had fallen from the cliff above. As he dodged behind it the moose reached him, and he saw its eyes, red with rage, above the top of the boulder. Then, as the mad creature lowered its head, the bear came again and, rearing up, struck at the moose's neck.

The moose staggered, nearly fell, but recovered, and went reeling away, carrying the whole weight of the bear on its shoulders. It was a marvellous feat of strength and brought a gasp of amazement from Clive. He meantime quickly got out of the dangerous neighbourhood and thrust another cartridge into the breech. And just

Continued on the next page

Toasted Barcelona Nuts in Delicious Milk Chocolate

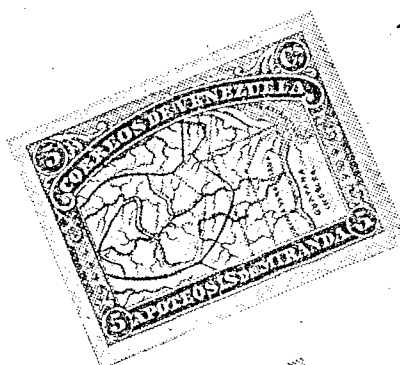
How crisp and crunchy!
How good to bite on!
And what a lovely taste!
Ask for Rowntree's
Whole Nut Stick
at the sweet-
shop.



2^D
EACH

ROWNTREE'S WHOLE NUT STICK

Stamps that are maps



The designer of the Venezuelan map stamp of 1896 incorporated in Venezuela a part of the Orinoco river claimed by British Guiana. A strongly worded protest by H.M. Government led to the hasty withdrawal of these stamps (a specimen of which is illustrated top-left) and, incidentally, averted a war.

The 1½ piastre stamp of the recently obsolete Jubilee set of Cyprus (bottom left) presents a curious old map of the island as it was supposed to be in the Middle Ages. If you are interested in stamps, don't miss "The New Stamp Collecting" feature in MODERN BOY. An intensely interesting article appears in this week's issue.

MODERN BOY

Now on Sale. Buy a Copy TODAY

2^D

then he saw Bruce emerge from the trees over to the left on the far side of the ravine and stand transfixed with astonishment. Clive signed to him to keep back out of sight, and the two boys watched the end of the struggle.

For seconds that seemed like minutes the moose fought to get rid of the bear; but the bear clung to his hold, so that the moose could use neither antlers nor feet to any effect. The poor mad beast began to tire, its stiff front legs relaxed, its head dropped. The grizzly saw his chance. Up went his great paw again, to fall with appalling force on the moose's neck. Without a sound the moose crumpled and fell dead. Its neck was broken.

"What a fight!" exclaimed Clive, and at the sound of his voice the bear gave him one quick, suspicious glance, which made Clive wish he had had the sense to keep still. He dropped back behind his boulder, and the bear sidled away toward his cave and vanished into the dark recess.

Bruce came quickly across. "Some scrap, as Bleak would say," he remarked. He tried to speak lightly, but he was as excited as Clive himself.

"The most wonderful thing I ever saw," replied Clive. "The moose was mad."
"I thought so," said Bruce, "but I wonder why?"

Clive went up to the body and looked it over. He pointed to a half-healed wound on the head. "That explains it. He's been shot at, and his brain must have been damaged. It's a good thing the poor beast is out of his troubles."

"A good thing for the grizzly too," agreed Bruce. "Well, let's cut out some of the meat and get back. We're a long way from the river and it'll be dark in an hour."

"Right," said Clive as he took his knife out of its sheath and set to work. The boys were not very skilful, but they knew enough to be able to skin the moose and cut as much of the meat as they could carry. They made this up into two packs, and shouldered it. Bruce looked round.

"I say, we're going to have a job to get out of this place," he remarked. "We can never climb that bank we came down."

They went down the west side of the ravine, but it was not promising, and they

Continued in the last column

A LESSON FROM JACKO

THE Jacko family was spending a very enjoyable fortnight at the seaside. Jacko, who believed he was making the most of his opportunities, was perfectly contented till his father took him one day for a sail.

Jacko went home radiant. He told his mother he had had the time of his life. "I'm going again tomorrow," he said.

"Oh, are you?" said Adolphus. "Where will you get the money from?"

"Dad," said Jacko, looking at his father with unusual affection.



It wasn't Adolphus who was following him

But Father went on reading his paper, as if he hadn't heard.

"You can't have treats like that every day," said Mother Jacko; "they cost too much."

"Lend me half-a-crown, Adolphus," begged Jacko, following his brother out of the room.

"No fear!" said Adolphus, and he picked up his towel and went off to bathe. Adolphus was very fond of bathing. He called it swimming, though if he managed to get the length of the parade he couldn't forget it.

Jacko had the greatest contempt for Adolphus in the water, and watched him splashing about with disgust. He was still more disgusted when, not long after, he saw his father emerge from behind some rocks in a yellow-striped bathing-suit.

"Come out here, Dad!" called Adolphus. "I'll give you a swimming lesson."

"Swank!" muttered Jacko. "Give Dad a lesson indeed! I'll give him one! Come on, Adolphus," he shouted, catching up a bundle of clothes and dashing away with them, "see if you can race me to the rocks."

And he didn't stop, in spite of the shouts that followed him all along the beach.

But when at last he looked back it wasn't Adolphus who was panting after him—but Father! "Those are my clothes you've got, you young scoundrel!" he roared. "Just wait till I get you home."

tried the other, which was equally bad. "The best way," said Bruce, "is up the rocks above old bruin's den. They're steep, but there's good foot and hand hold. I wonder if he'll object."

"Too busy licking his wounds," said Clive. "Let's try. Only go quietly."

Clive's heart was beating rather hard as they came near the mouth of the cave and started up the steep rock face. But the only sign of the bear was the musty smell of him, and they climbed quickly. Half-way up came a nasty bit, but Bruce, dropping his load, made a jump and, catching a projecting crag, hauled himself up. Clive passed the meat and guns up to him; then Bruce lay flat on his stomach and started to haul Clive up. A few small stones fell, and suddenly from below came an angry whoof.

"Great Scott! He's coming!" cried Bruce, as with one big lift he swung Clive up alongside him. Then he grabbed his gun. "Don't shoot," begged Clive. "Give me a chunk of that meat."

Bruce did so, and Clive took it and dropped it right on the nose of the bear. Clive had meant it as a peace offering, but the big slice spread itself right over the bear's eyes, so that he had to stop and scrape it off with his paws, and meantime the boys scrambled rapidly up the rest of the bluff.

Carrying their loads, they hurried through the woods, following their own tracks back toward the river. It was even farther than they had thought, and since the sky had clouded up it grew darker rapidly. At last Clive stopped. "I've lost the trail, Bruce," he said.

"I don't blame you," said Bruce. "You'd need the eyes of a cat to see any marks in this darkness. We'd better stop and camp. We've got meat, and if we light a fire we shall be all right."

"Bleak will be worried," said Clive. "There's nothing else to do," said Bruce. "Help me to get some wood."

Groping, they found some dry sticks and piled them.

"You've got the matches," said Bruce. Clive put his hand into his pocket. He tried the other, then his trousers pockets. "They're gone!" he said. "I must have lost them when I fell into the gully."

TO BE CONTINUED

MUSCULAR TONE

The Biceps Break the Silence

In a world which finds a new noise every day a stranger one than any has emerged from the silence. Two Cambridge professors have made their muscles heard!

Professor Adrian, Fellow of Trinity, and Dr. Joseph Barcroft, Professor of Physiology, have long been experimenting with the electric impulses which flow along the human muscles when they are at work.

When the brain bids a muscle contract, the message clicks like fifty wireless taps a second—if we only could hear them. Mercifully perhaps we cannot, but if a needle is thrust into the muscle, and is also connected by wire with an electric recorder, the taps are taken down.

If the recorder is in its turn connected with a suitable amplifier the sounds can be magnified 5000 times. When the amplifier is joined to a loud-speaker the muscle in its movements can send out sounds to the world which are like rapid machine-gun fire.

That was what was heard when Professor Adrian offered his biceps to the needle and flexed the muscle. Every time he moved his arm the loud-speaker sent out its crackling S.O.S.

When muscle and recorder had been got to work at their most effective combination the sounds were caught up as a gramophone record.

In future, instead of listening to records of Kreisler, our ears may be entranced by the play of the leg muscles of the Oxford stroke or the efforts of M. Cochet in producing a volley.

The strong man will be no longer silent. He will be a loud speaker in spite of himself.

A MATCHLESS MAN OF HIS GENERATION

IN these days, when The Man With the Muck Rake is so busy on the stage, it is refreshing to run back in memory only a little while, and to remember that a whole generation of English people sought delight and found it in the comedies of Gilbert and Sullivan.

In My Magazine for September, now on sale everywhere, is an article on W. S. Gilbert, whose inimitable verse, linked with Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, has brought him everlasting fame.

Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

CAPTIVITY v. FREEDOM

An Owl's Adventures

A Scottish reader sends us an incident which seems to show that there are circumstances in which captivity may be better for a bird than freedom.

A young owl, which apparently had fallen from the nest or left it before being fully fitted for flight, was captured, and fed and reared till it knew its name (Peter) and would come for its food when it was called for.

But its master, when listening to a wireless lecture about the cruelty of keeping wild birds in captivity, was so impressed that he resolved to give the bird its liberty. So it was taken to a well-wooded part of the country and released.

At first it did not fly away, but settled on the nearest tree, and then returned to its master's shoulder. Eventually, however, it went off and he thought he would not see it again.

A fortnight later, about two miles from where it was released, he saw, near the town's refuse dump, a number of birds mobbing and pecking a larger bird, whose presence near the dump they evidently resented. The persecuted bird he recognised as the young owl Peter. When he called the bird by its name it instantly recognised the familiar voice, flew to its friend, and settled on his shoulder.

It was taken home and cared for again. Not having been taught by the parent birds to hunt for an owl's usual food, it was an alien outside the ranks of bird society, and sought the food on which it had been reared.

The argument against bird captivity is strong; but so also is the argument against throwing a domestically-reared bird on its own resources.



Forward the Health Brigade!

You shouldn't wait to be told to wash. It's up to you. Besides, Mother always keeps Lifebuoy handy. And Lifebuoy is such a manly soap. Dad uses it himself.

Why do you think he prefers Lifebuoy? It's because there are harmful microbes lurking wherever there is dirt. You can't defend yourself against them alone—but there is always Lifebuoy to help you. Lifebuoy deals instantly with all germs and impurities. It's always working to protect you from danger—always ready to wage war against the enemies of health—for your sake and dad's.

Lifebuoy Soap

- for health

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In this week's—

issue there are three long, complete stories:

**HUNKS IN HOT
WATER**

A Nature Tale of the adventures of a bear.

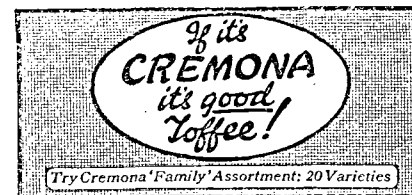
**WHITE FEATHER
WENFREW**

A splendid story of four British schoolgirls in war-time France; and

**THE LYNDON
COOKERY CLASS**

A long story of Lyndon School and the Gail Anderson Quartette.

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Every Saturday 2^d.



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Ask for the 6d. Chubby Bar.

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CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/7, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 17, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words, each containing four letters, which when written one under the other will make a square of words.

Defunct. Comfort. A continent. Costly.

Answer next week

Wild Flower of the Week

The Common Tansy

THIS plant with its much-divided leaves and heads of bright, yellow, button-like flowers is very familiar just now in hedges and waste ground. The name comes from the Greek word *Athanasion*, meaning immortal, but why it was



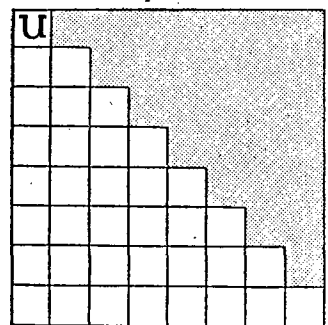
given no one seems to know. Tansy has been used as a medicine and people put the leaves in their shoes to cure ague. In olden days, and the custom is followed even now sometimes, country folk made a dish of tansies called tansy pudding. It was certainly not very pleasing or appetising.

Preserving Your Bathing Cap

TO keep your bathing cap soft and pliable when in use rinse it out in fresh water after it has been in the sea. Then sprinkle on the outside a small quantity of talc powder and rub this in gently.

Usually a rubber cap only lasts one season, but if at the end of your seaside holiday you want to keep it from splitting and ready for next year's use treat it in the same way, but put the talc powder on more plentifully and both inside and out.

Step Words



BEGIN with the letter U and add one letter at each step until the name of a large fish is formed. The letters may be added in any order and the existing letters may be transposed if necessary, but proper words must be formed at each stage. It will help you to know that the five-letter word means to rise or swell.

Answer next week

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly, the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, makes the name of a flower of the woods.

*****—Bragging
*O*****—Blinding storm
O***—Slipped
O**—Call to mind
****O*****—Sleeps
*****O*****—To adopt a chum
*****O*****—Good-bye
*****O*****—To prophesy

Answer next week

Do You Live at Leek?

THIS place-name is believed by some to be from an old Norse word *leek* meaning a brook, but other authorities think it is from the Welsh *llech*, a flagstone, both words of course referring to what is to be found in the district. The Norse origin, however, is the more likely to be correct.

An Enigma

NINE letters need I to my name express

And the words it contains are for you to guess.

All people from me some use may derive

If only for a parcel or a 396 and 5. Knowledge, amusement, and instruction too.

Pictures and letters you will in me 482.

3645 is an insect with a sting;

3981 a twittering song can sing;

In kitchen 76 and 1 are found;

A lion lays my 563 upon the ground;

Now tell me what I am and for your pains

Receive me daily by the early trains.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE robin redbreast begins to sing again. Starlings are now collecting in flocks. The small copper butterfly and the gold spot moth are seen. The bracts of the lime begin to fall. The common tansy, devil-bit scabious, and woolly-headed thistle are in blossom.

A Chronogram

A FAMOUS English warrior-
duke

Whose battles are renowned.

A celebrated admiral

Who first the globe sailed round.

A navigator who was killed

By savage treachery.

A noted voyager who first

America did see.

A sailor second in command

In great Trafalgar's fight;

The vessel in which Nelson fell

Combating for the right.

Initials of these six words take

And place them side by side,

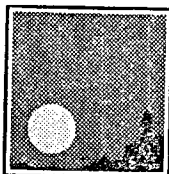
Then they will name, as thus

arranged,

The year when Nelson died

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week



IN the morning the planet Venus is in the East and Jupiter is in the South-East. In the evening Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on August 20.

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Fiasco. An ignominious failure is generally spoken of as a fiasco, but the word seems to have little application, for it is the Italian word for a bottle.

The Venetian glass-blowers were always famous for their wares, and took care that none of their art-work should be short of perfect; if any flaw showed itself in the blowing they turned the article into a common bottle, or fiasco, and in course of time this word was made to apply to any dismal failure.

Ici On Parle Français



La défense La soupière La couronne
L'éléphant a des défenses en ivoire
Il n'y a rien dans cette soupière.
On lui mit une couronne de laurier.

Beheaded Proverbs

IN the following well-known proverbs the first letter of each word has been removed and the words have been rearranged. What are the proverbs?

lucked oose s he y eather
eather.
ot ll hat old s litters.
ind ind afe afe.
hile he trike ot ron s.
up he he ver ast akes rop
un.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Am I? A Word Pyramid
Meadow O
Reversals ODE
DOOR, TEEM, GRILL
DEED SOLUBLE
SALAMANCA

A Money Question. £2567 18s. 9½d.

Jumbled Verse

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Hidden Flowers

Hollyhock, Crowsfoot, Foxglove,
Hawkeed, Carnation, Dandelion,
Sweet William, Larkspur.

Hidden Birds

Wren, crane, robin, eagle, owl.
Who Was He?
Perkin Warbeck.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Hide and Seek

THE scene is a seaside boarding-house once more.

"How did you find your chop, Mr. Brown?" asked the landlady. Mr. Brown walked toward the door. "Oh," he said, "I just moved one of the potatoes, and there it was!"

Holding the Fort



"WHEN I crawl up to take the air,"

Grinned Captain Worm, "I'm not Afraid of any feathered foe—I'm safe inside Fort Pot!"

Once is Enough

THEY were looking down from a narrow Alpine ledge to the valley 2000 feet below.

"Do people often fall over here?" the guide was asked.

"As a rule, sir, once is enough," was the reply.

Milk and Water

IT was a very hot day and the young man was apparently thirsty, for he was quickly drinking his third glass of milk.

"You must be extraordinarily fond of milk," observed the milkman.

"Rather," was the reply. "Or I should not be drinking so much water to get a little."

Too Bad

JERRY had had his first term at boarding-school and while he was on holiday his uncle visited the family.

"Hallo, Jerry!" said Uncle. "How do you like your Form Master?"

"He's not too bad, Uncle," replied Jerry. "Rather bigoted though."

"How so?"

"He will insist that words can only be spelled his way."

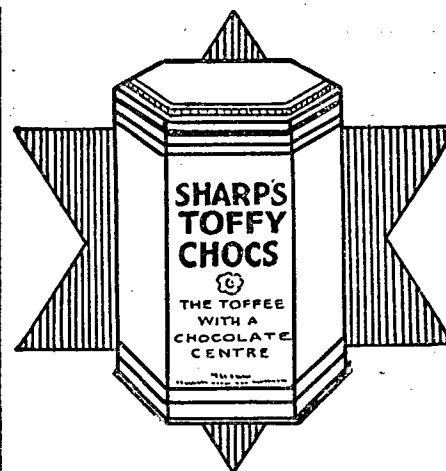
Hard

THE scene was a small restaurant, and a customer was heard criticising the pastry.

"Why, young man," said the proprietor, "I was making pastry before you were born."

"Granted," was the reply.

"But why sell it now?"

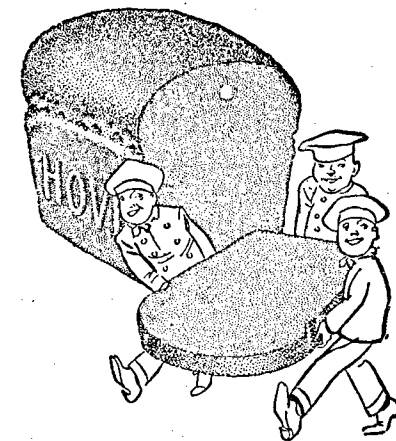


A new "star" chocolate centre with Toffee Coating

There are plenty of chocolate-coated toffees but only one chocolate centre with a toffee coating—Sharp's Toffey Chocs. And what a change of flavour it has made—the two flavours blend perfectly all the way through this delightful sweetmeat.

4ozs. 4^p

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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

PIERRE lived with his father and mother in a wooden hut in the heart of a great forest in France.

One day the boy was sent to gather cones for the oven fire. He wandered farther than usual, and came at last to a broad, grassy road. A horseman was riding along this road. He wore a plain brown coat but there was a sword at his belt.

He drew up his horse beside the boy, who was gazing at it in admiration. And no wonder, for it was a very beautiful animal.

"Would you like to ride a fine horse like this?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, yes," replied Pierre eagerly. "Indeed I should."

The man looked at Pierre thoughtfully for a few moments, then he asked "Where do you live?"

"With my father and mother in the forest," replied Pierre. "My father makes wooden shoes."

"Would you like to come with me and be my page," asked the stranger, "and ride a white pony?"

"Indeed I should," cried Pierre. "If my father will consent," he added.

"Then we will ask him," said the stranger, smiling.

So Pierre caught hold of the horse's bridle and led the way to his home.

Pierre's father and mother looked alarmed when they saw the stranger.

"Your son would like to be a page boy," he said.



He was gathering cones

Pierre's mother wrung her hands. "Oh, Sire, we are all three contented here in the peace of the forest."

The stranger sighed.

A LOUIS FROM A LOUIS

"That is good to hear," he said. "Few of us know what contentment means."

Then Pierre's father said, "Sire, no man makes better shoes than I do. Pierre is my only son. I hope to teach him my craft."

The stranger nodded. Then he beckoned to Pierre.

"My boy," he said, "you must learn to make good wooden shoes and be as contented as your parents." And he put in the child's hand a golden coin.

Little Pierre asked his mother what it was called.

"This gold coin is called a louis," she replied; "and," she added, "the stranger's name is also Louis—King Louis, King of France."